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NATURISM**









# Health & Efficiency

INTERNATIONAL NATURIST SPRING QUARTERLY

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## IT'S ALRIGHT FOR ME. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

'It's alright for you,' they say to me. 'You're always going off on holidays.' And as I'm sitting up all night trying to get my articles finished and wondering when the credit card companies are finally going to crucify me, I phone up my unemployed friend and say, 'It's alright for you. You've got no pressures. You just get up and do what you want when you want. I can't stand this pressure.'

The truth is, it's only alright for anybody when they're doing just what they want to do. It's only the very fortunate who can enjoy the warmth and comfort of a family life, an interesting social or working life and have plenty of money to enjoy material possessions and holidays or whatever they want. Some people do seem to 'have it all', but there they are, life never was fair.

The rest of us have to accept our circumstances and decide our priorities. It's obviously very difficult for someone without employment to afford holidays, but then again, there are others who manage to travel the world, at least, work their way, starting off with very few funds indeed. And there are so many people who maybe spend their available money on furniture, mortgages and then complain that they can't afford to go on a naturist holiday even though 'it's the one thing they really want to do'.

I don't care what people do, but really, it's no use complaining when you still have some control over your own life. Just do it.

Kate Sturdy, Editor

## The 86th Year of Continuous Publication

Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review, Vim and Sonnenfans. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by national associations, clubs or other organisations.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily

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# YOU CAN LIVE A BETTER, LONGER LIFE

**T**HESE notions are not idle dreams.

With the present state of our knowledge of molecular biology, such matters can now rightly claim the attention of scientists with a reasonable chance of success, probably within the next decade.

Certainly, as one expert put it recently, control of the human ageing processes has 'ceased to be a dream and become a sober potentiality'. Gerontology, or the study of ageing and old age now claims to be a major branch of medical science and receives state aid in many countries

all over the world, including Britain.

In the USA, in particular, research into the chances of increasing our normal life-span and staving off the present effects of old age expands almost daily. Already, some 800 separate research teams report for work on the subject every day, while the US Department of Health has invested over \$7,500,000 on a brand new institute of gerontology.

In essence, the aim of all this research is to determine the physical and biochemical causes of ageing in human beings, and to discover how best it may

be slowed down artificially to enable us to live longer and more fully when we do.

In the foreseeable future it seems unlikely that scientists will greatly prolong our life-spans – three or four years may be the upper limit – for it is remarkably true that the Biblical three-score years and ten remains about the average we can hope to achieve. In advanced countries the chances of dying from any cause during the twelfth year of life are about one in a thousand. Once we have reached the seventieth



Is ageing as inevitable as it seems?



**Need we ever grow old? We've all got to go sometime, but do we have to suffer the ageing process? Is it possible to stay 'young', active and lively until the end of our days? By David Gunston.**



year, the chances have increased to one in twenty, and if we survive to ninety, they rise to one in four.

With modern techniques as we know them, any vast increase in the average life-span is unlikely. Rather, science will enable many more of us to reach what we now term old age; and for some, perhaps eventually the majority, it may well be possible to make the later years vigorous and usefully active. It is in this way that old age may well be conquered.

As one expert in this field, Professor John Maynard Smith of the University of Sussex, points out, if one studies an old person (or indeed an old animal), 'almost everything is wrong with them; every organ you look at is deteriorating in some way or another, every faculty you measure is deteriorating'.

But what we do not yet know for certain is whether all these various deteriorations are the symptoms of some single ageing process which goes on, all the time, in all of us, or whether they all progress independently and reach a noticeable climax around the age of seventy. Yet only the rashest scientists can promise us life-spans of 100, 150 or 200 years in the foreseeable future. It seems much more likely that the man of over 95 will still be uncommon over the next few decades.

---

**'Human life may be extended into the unimaginable future.'**

---

Of course, there is no fixed pattern of life and death in nature as a whole. Some micro-organisms perish after an hour or two. Other living things, including some plants, live out their whole spell of usefulness and purpose in a few days, or a week or two at most. Very many animals, birds and fish reach old age in one year. An elephant or a whale may survive for 90 years, a giant tortoise for 150 years or more, while the oldest living things on earth, trees, may still be flourishing after 3,000 years of growth.

Each of these things is made up of the same basic type of molecular cells, into the chemistry of which we are now probing with such interesting results. In the normal course of events, these individual cells die off very quickly, frequently within hours of being formed, to be immediately replaced by their owners. In the natural course of events, this process goes on all the time until the whole organism is worn out and cannot replace its continuous cell loss any



Can attitude make appearances deceptive?



more. Then it dies, the fungus spore after a few hours, the tree after 1,000 years or more, in certain cases.

What has struck scientists recently is that if this cell-replacement process could be artificially helped by man himself, the creature involved need not die, or at least not for far beyond what we now regard as its normal span. This involves the basic laboratory process of tissue culture, whereby little slivers of a living thing are cut off and then 'grown on' in test tubes by being supplied with their necessary nutriment. If this process is continued at intervals it is theoretically possible to maintain the original growth indefinitely. More than theoretically, in fact, since a French scientist is still keeping alive a 'callus', or group of growing cells, from a carrot that began their separate existence back in 1937. The result is not actually a 48-year-old carrot growing happily on a laboratory bench – not yet, anyway. But it is a fluffy bunch of living, growing and apparently completely normal carrot plant cells in a test-tube surviving many years after their parent plant perished into normal decay.

As scientists now believe that one single basic cell of a living creature contains sufficient protein of life to

produce the complete creature, it may one day be perfectly possible to make a really ancient French carrot plant, complete in every way, from these living cells. And similarly, by inference, human life may perhaps be similarly prolonged, or extended in carbon copy fashion into the unimaginable future.

These are fantastic ideas, which if carried to their logical conclusion could mean a real sense of earthly immortality, for man, or at least some men. We just do not know all the answers to the questions such notions raise, but the idea has already been given to the world in all seriousness by the exponents of what is called the 'new biology'.

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**'The aim is to endow some with a vigorous and energetic old age.'**

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Meanwhile, of course, we still have to grapple with individual ageing processes as they afflict us today. The difficulty often is to discover which of the various all-too-obvious processes are the inevitable sequels to old age, and which are in fact the causes of it. For instance, centuries of familiarity with senile dementia leading to growing confusion

and a decline in intellectual abilities, with associated physical impairment have always led to the universal belief that this kind of thing was just another symptom of old age. Yet not all old people suffer in this way and others start much earlier than the norm. Now medical teams in Britain (led by Dr. Sir Roger Bannister, the original four-minute-miler) and the USA, have conclusively proved that this is a definite physical ailment (Alzheimer's disease) causing greatly increased numbers of twisted and tangled nerve cells to appear in the brain cortex, far more than are caused by ordinary ageing. It is hoped eventually to treat such impaired brain chemistry with drugs.

Or to take another example, the well-known hardening of the arteries (arterio-sclerosis) and cataracts of the eyes is caused by the tissues of these parts of the body becoming loaded with chalk deposits. The chalk is released from the bones and spreads through the body via the blood, where it lodges and eventually proves fatal. Now it is still not quite clear whether this chalk shift, as it is called, is a direct result of other, more subtle ageing processes in the tissue cells, perhaps when they begin to break down finally, or whether it is the direct



Happiness and healthiness cover a multitude of 'sins'.





Perhaps the answer is not to dwell on it.

cause of old age in itself.

If it is merely a major symptom of old age, then we still need to do more research into the matter. But if it really is the basic cause of physical ageing, then all science has to do is to find a suitable chemical that will be quite safely taken by men and women in middle age to prevent this chalk shift from occurring at the usual time.

Unfortunately, the problem is not quite so easy to solve as it may sound, and there are enormous difficulties facing those who are at this very moment trying to decide where the truth lies. And these chemical changes still do not take into account two other major contributions to our physical state – at any age: our emotions (especially worry and fear) and the degree of physical

fatigue to which we are subjected.

Meanwhile, the greatest contributions towards keeping us alive and active as the years advance upon us will probably still come from what has been termed spare-part surgery. Once we can move beyond false teeth and artificial kidneys and perfected heart-transplants to the grafting of many other vital organs and even of actual tissues between individuals, then we shall be well on the way to reducing, though not of course finally avoiding, the deterioration of old age.

Now the aim of this sort of thing is not to keep elderly specimens of the human race alive beyond their useful span of years, to preserve us beyond our strength. Rather it is to endow some, even a chosen minority perhaps, with a vigorous and energetic old age. If we are

to conquer ageing, we must replace it at least for some years by really active life, not just a propped-up existence.

Nevertheless, the problems here are immense, too. So far there is known to man no single graft, hormone, injection or whatever that will reverse more than a very limited number of old age symptoms.

Curing old age, then, is clearly going to be assured eventually of considerable, even astonishing success, but it is going to be a very long and difficult job indeed. Governments will be well advised to spend on its research all the money they can spare from other projects. For the rest of us, however, the best advice is still to enjoy our allotted span to the full, making the most of all our years here and now.



# CAMP ON CAMP- LA GRANDE COSSE

**T**HERE was a time in my life when the very word 'caravan' made me shudder. While everyone else associated them with summer holidays and a carefree existence, to me they brought back vivid memories of mud, cramped conditions, condensation and a toddler who had just learned to walk and was

anxious to put his new found skill into action as much as possible.

We had bought ourselves an old cottage in Devon, 'ripe for modernisation' as the agent put it, which meant it had to be completely gutted and rebuilt inside. In fact the walls didn't even meet at the corners so we could wave to

people passing in the lane outside through the cracks and what is more they could see enough of us to know who was waving.

Living in the cottage while we did it up was out of the question but renting somewhere was financially impossible. We were therefore very relieved and grateful when some friends offered us their little caravan to put in the garden and live in while we made the cottage habitable.

There was absolutely nothing wrong with the caravan, it was 11' x 6' outside measurement and could sleep up to four people (preferably small ones). This gave us a double bed one end and a bed at the other end for our small but extremely active son.

I think you could say the timing was bad, it was early January through until mid April. Not the driest of months nor the warmest. And didn't it rain. The sound of spattering mud will always be associated with that period of my life.

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**'Club Holidays is like a campsite within a campsite – offering the best of both worlds.'**

---

That and the chunterings of a frustrated child. When it was dry I couldn't let him out into the garden as there was no gate to stop him from wandering straight onto the road. In the cottage itself live wires dangled like trifids and where the staircase should have been there was a gaping hole.

All in all you could say that I had a very intense and intimate relationship with the caravan during those three months. Hence the shudder.

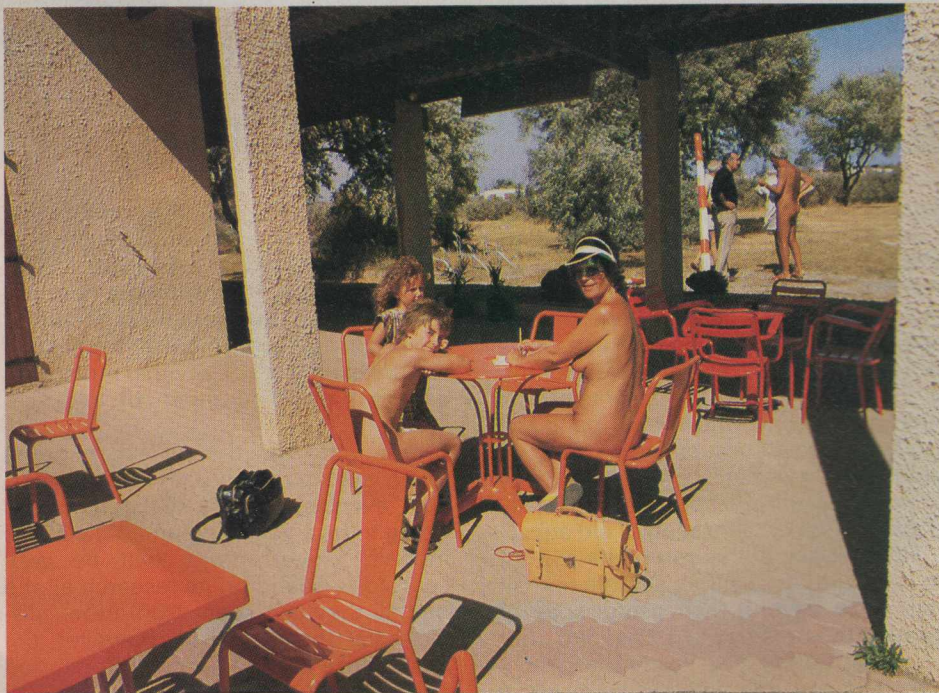
It has taken me eleven years to get over it but I am now able to enter a caravan with a genuine smile on my face and admire the compactness. I know this because I did so recently.

The caravan belonged to a firm called Club Holidays run by Allan and Hilary Kirkland. They set up three years ago with several caravans permanently sited at La Grande Cosse, a naturist campsite on the Mediterranean just south west of Beziers in southern France.

They have two mobile homes, several caravans and this year have bought



Hilary and Allan by the new tents.



Waiting to order, outside the restaurant.



**La Grande Cosse is, in fact, very 'grande' indeed. Comprising 500 camp sites, there's plenty of room to move. But Mary Stephenson had had some bad experiences with caravans in the past and needed some strong convincing that such a holiday could be fun. Still, she went to take a look at one of the sites, and felt that there were definite possibilities...**



**Kiddies pool, small but popular.**

three big tents. Any of these can be rented either as part of a package holiday arranged by Club Holidays with transport included or separately through Club Holidays as part of your own holiday arrangements.

They organise packages of seven, 14 or 17 day holidays travelling by coach, by air or in your own car. All the caravans and tents are well kitted out with fridges and electricity and cooking gas are included in the price. They also do discounts for children which remain unchanged in the high season.

Allan and Hilary, themselves naturists, remain at the site from March through until the end of September. Although it sounds like the perfect life and they look very well on it, they work hard to keep the tents and caravans in working order and organise plenty of social activities for their customers.

Club Holidays is like a campsite within a campsite, able to take advantage of all the amenities of La Grande Cosse while providing their own customers with a personal service. They organise a free reception party for the new people to meet other Club Holiday customers over a glass of wine when they arrive. Each week there is a visit to a local village restaurant for an evening meal and also a barbecue evening on site. Volleyball and boules competitions for all ages are a regular feature as are the excursions to nearby Narbonne, Beziers, Carcassonne and Agde. Out of season they run shopping trips and there is a freezer and microwave on site for anyone to use. A shelf of English paperbacks stands next to the freezer for those who didn't bring enough reading matter and if current affairs still interests you while you're on holiday Allan and Hilary run up a daily

news sheet which they stick up on the noticeboard. This year they have invested in a small pool for the children to play in and it is big enough for an adult to cool off in provided they don't want to swim.

And if that isn't enough then beyond lies all that La Grande Cosse has to offer.

La Grande Cosse is just what it says it is—'grande'. Stretching to 74 acres it has 500 sites for camping and caravanning. From mid June until mid August there is a very good supermarket, a big restaurant and bar. There is also a reading room, television room and indoor games room plus outdoor activities such as volley ball, horse-riding, archery and a nice tennis court. There is no swimming pool but the sea is twenty minutes walk away and the beach is naturist. In fact the whole area is naturist and there is no need to dress up in order





The beach at La Grande Cosse.



A streamlined view of the shower block.



to walk down to the beach.

Some people choose to drive down to the beach providing the ground is dry and this is possible by weaving in and out of the clumps of marsh grass. Ugly rumour has it that if you are misfortunate enough to get your car stuck in soggy ground the local garages charge around £50 to pull you out again.

The area is similar to the Camargue and also like the Camargue it is a protected area so that all sorts of wild birds nest in the marshes around. These include flamingo, heron, plover, egret and wild pigeon. Red squirrels, rabbits and hares can be seen as well. La Grande Cosse used to have a peacock that lived in the grounds but alas it met an untimely end recently when a fox caught it.

In winter time the sea floods the marshes and La Grande Cosse is like an island with the road as a causeway connecting it to the land.

There are not a great deal of trees but olive trees seemed to be plentiful and in early June they have a lovely yellow flower. The nearer to the sea you are camped, the more bushes and shade there is but those sites are furthest from the main buildings and cut off from the sea by a dyke the Germans built during the war.

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**‘You can drive down to the beach, providing it’s dry, by weaving in and out of the clumps of marsh grass.’**

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Club Holidays are situated fairly close to the main buildings and have good sized shower blocks nearby and barbecue facilities.

When I spoke to Monsieur Escola, the proprietor of La Grande Cosse, he told me that they are very impressed by Club Holidays. Allan and Hilary seem to have got the right balance of efficiency and friendliness. We arrived unannounced on a day visit just before the season really started and were impressed by the high standard of their accommodation.

They also offer 14 day package holidays in St. Pierre la Mer, a holiday resort just along the beach from La Grande Cosse. These villas are not in a naturist zone but they are close to the naturist beach and might suit people who for one reason or another object to caravans.

For myself I think that particular phobia has passed. I know I would be quite happy to spend a holiday in one of Club Holidays’ caravans. Although perhaps not in winter with a small child...

For more information on Club Holidays write to: Club Holidays, 24 Grafton Close, Hartwell, Northampton NN7 2JE.

For more information on La Grande Cosse write to: Monsieur A. Escola, CHMI La Grande Cosse, 11560 Fleury d’Aude, France.

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**H&E – WE SOMETIMES  
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DOWN VIEW OF THE  
WORLD – JUST FOR FUN!**





**'That breathing space is so important – with plenty of time to get to know each other'**



# LIVING-IN-SIN-SYNDROME

**Zoe Ben-David believes that people are just too eager to move in with each other. Such commitments should be taken seriously – and she has old-fashioned yearnings for long-drawn out courtships. In the meantime she values her freedom...**

**M**Y boyfriend wanted me to move in with him; 'And give up my independence?' I said, 'Be a slave to your every whim? No thank you!' He didn't think I was being serious, but I was DEAD serious.

I rent a cosy two bedroom flat. I own a car and a cat and I'm surrounded by my own bits and pieces. I couldn't give all that up for anyone.

It's very easy to fall in love and be whisked off one's feet. It's



'I couldn't give up my  
freedom for anyone.'







easy to fall into the trap of 'Living Together'. I know. I've done it in the past. The difficult part is trying to move away when it's all over. How do you tell someone to go or how do you pluck up the courage to walk out after three years, when you still care for each other?

Caring for each other is important but when there is nothing else in a relationship, caring isn't strong enough to base a life-time of contentment on.

When I lived with my Ex, it was super at first. We did everything together. We were both the major concern in each other's lives. We went to bed at the same time, and sex was always exciting; we woke up at the same time. He helped in the home. I helped in the garden. We were equals. However, it was his house and the inevitable happened. As I slowly started to take over the domestic duties he began to take me for granted.

In some ways, I let him do this to me. I did everything for him, like a professional housewife. I washed his socks, ironed his shirts, cooked his meals. I would come back from a hard day in the office, clean up after him and then make the dinner. Thinking back on it all now I realise how stupid I was giving so much when all I had in return was a roof over my head.

There's much to be said for long courtships where a couple live apart until they marry. That breathing space is so important and even though you don't really know whether you can live together, the relationship moves along slowly, cautiously, with plenty of time to get to know each other without rushing headlong into the 'living-in-sin-syndrome'.

Couples that move in together almost immediately, have very little chance of lasting out three years. The sudden closeness and incredible excitement of the first few months has to come to an end sooner or later. When it does, it can be difficult to continue the routine life – one is always looking for that great feeling again – Ah, no; It's too much like hard work to me; I'll stick to my cat in a home of my own.





'When you get into a routine, all you can think of is that Great Feeling again.'







'I like things uncomplicated – a nice easy lifestyle.'





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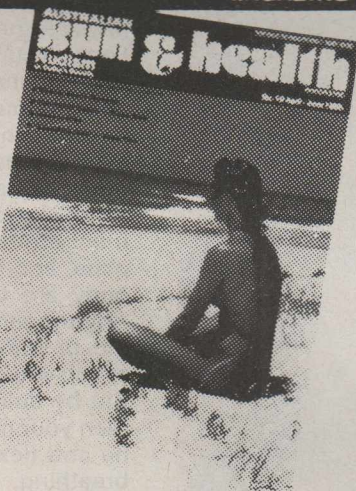
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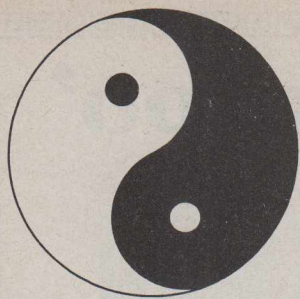
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# T'AI CHI

## IT REACHES THE PARTS YOU NEVER KNEW YOU HAD!

**M**ILLIONS of Chinese do it every morning – and they all can't be wrong. Now many Westerners are following their example, and find their life has improved tremendously. Their health has improved, they have become relaxed, disciplined, contented people who take life in their stride. Would you like to be like that? Then maybe you could try T'Ai Chi.

Basically a martial art, developed in China at some time around the 18th century, T'Ai Chi is based on a totally un-western system of knowledge about the human body. But now many occidental nations are recognising the benefits, and are finding great benefits from it.

Now maybe you're not of an aggressive frame of mind and don't think that a martial art would be your thing? There's no need to let that put you off. Whilst T'Ai Chi was originally developed as a fighting art, you would have to have practised for many, many years and be extremely adept to fend off attackers using this method. Whilst it is called the 'supreme ultimate fist', emphasis is on doing the exercises for your own benefit and there is more danger of injury probably from mowing the lawn.

T'Ai is based on a system of 108 physical movements known as the Long Form. You have to practise these very slowly, and very regularly and with much thought. Indeed it's known as 'meditation in movement' and that's exactly what it looks like. Some of the movements are simple, others rather complicated, but practice and commitment are the qualities you need. Discipline, and improved state of mind and body are the advantages you'll gain. Anyone can do it. It doesn't matter how old or unfit you are, it's a gentle art which you can take your time to perfect. But by doing so you'll learn to strengthen your muscles, improve your stamina and flexibility and particularly your breathing.

It's important to understand some basic principles behind it. In the West, we recognise two biological systems in the human body – the nervous and the circulatory system. The Chinese add a further one which is called the meridian system. There are a series of recognised points in the body through which a form of energy (known as 'chi') travels. These points also form the basis of the therapies of acupuncture and acupressure.

Chi is not, of course, perceivable to the human eye, but the Chinese believe that



It's always best to practise outdoors.



T'Ai Chi has recently come to the West, and it's changing people's lives. Although still known as a martial art, in practice it's quite a gentle system of exercise that can improve your mental and physical health. If it all sounds Chinese to you, here's an introduction by Helga Chandler.





when this energy is blocked, and can't run naturally from one point to another, or when it runs through too fast, you become ill. And it is through such exercises as T'Ai Chi that the Chi is encouraged to travel correctly through the body and thus the person becomes healthy.

The other fundamental principle to understand is that of yin and yang. These are opposite forces and they must be balanced to achieve perfect harmony of mind and body.

Westerners would probably find the principles easier to understand by practising the movements rather than merely trying to intellectually absorb the information. But here are some descriptions of typical movements.

Firstly, T'Ai Chi teaches you that man is like a tree which is rooted to the ground in a particular way. It is vital that the spine is placed into the perfect vertical position, as the vital 'meridian'

points depend on this. You must keep your shoulders relaxed with your head placed naturally. All movements must follow the path least resistant to gravity.

One set of movements is known as Pushing Hands. To illustrate this one person must push his hand in a straight line towards the other. The second person then fends off the push by curving it away. Keep doing this and you create a rhythmic movement. Do it slowly.

Sticking Hands is where one person puts his hand on the other's. Then they move their hands freely – but keeping them together.

Uprooting. This is where one person tries to push over the other person who is doing the T'Ai Chi movement of rooting himself to the ground. (If this is done properly, it will prove impossible to push him over.)

When one person shifts from one foot to another, alternating between tension

and relaxation, this is a perfect expression of yin and yang (the opposite forces).

Now this is quite difficult to explain and in all cases you can't learn T'Ai Chi by yourself. You need a teacher who will guide you, but then you must practise alone.

Every morning in China you will see, around dawn, large groups of people practising T'Ai Chi under the trees. They believe that Chi is increased whilst under trees, and especially at dawn. They find the discipline involved and the actual exercises help to combat not only biological illnesses but the stresses associated with modern day living.

No special equipment or clothes are needed. It is an elegant and beautiful process to watch. Practitioners say that they notice an improvement in their quality of life after just a few months.

It may be an art developed hundreds of years ago, but it certainly has much relevance today.

An ideal art for the naturist.





It's even better when you're both  
into the same discipline.











**'What more can we learn from the Orient?'**





# WHEN YOUR TRUNKS JUST DON'T FIT

---





**There's more to bikinis and swimming costumes than just modesty. Fashion and status pay a large part in determining the choice of ladies' swimwear. But the strictures on men are rather different. By Norman Tillet.**



**S**OMEBODY once pointed out that ladies' bathing costumes incorporate two essential factors in dress-design.

The first is that the costume ought to emphasise the wearer's social status; and for this purpose, plainly, it ought not to be cheap and nasty. (If the advertisements in posh ladies' journals are correct, it seems that there are women who are prepared to pay up to £100 for a simple one-piece – an extravagance which can only be justified by the need to underline their status in high society.)

The second principle suggests that the costume should draw attention to the desirability of the wearer: a point made clear enough by the prevalence of revealing one-piece swimsuits and skimpy bikinis – designed, surely, as exercises in feminine titillation. And if both elements are present at the same time, so much the better – for what more could any girl want than to look both sexy – and superior?

By no stretch of the imagination, however, could the average male swimming trunks be described as glamorous. Up to recently, indeed, their function has been strictly utilitarian: in deference to 'Victorian' standards of morality and modesty, the genitalia had to be covered at all times. (Nevertheless, here as elsewhere, the Victorians were prize humbugs. Modesty was a preserve of the well-to-do: the poor couldn't afford to be modest! In their wretched hovels, privacy for natural functions was unknown. At a date when public conveniences were unheard-of, men would freely urinate in the street; and Milady, imprisoned in her grand coach, wouldn't hesitate to order the driver to stop so that she could descend, lift her skirts and squat ignominiously in the gutter. In circumstances such as these, there could be no mystery about the appearance of the sex organs – they were a commonplace sight in the streets.)

Now, it's a truism to state that one of the chief aims and objects of naturism is to induce men to abandon their absurd bathing costumes and, inevitably, to expose their genitals. How this admirable aim is to be achieved is obviously open to discussion, for which some background knowledge is helpful: even for the dedicated naturist, a glance at the story of the male bathing costume can provide both instruction and entertainment.

In earlier times, swimming was a strictly utilitarian art: soldiers, for instance, had to be able to swim in order to



cross rivers encountered in the course of a military campaign. In the Middle Ages, swimming for pleasure was practically unknown: in some circles it was regarded as the work of the devil, and even small children would be punished for innocently splashing around in pools. In 1571 the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University issued a well-known edict inflicting penalties on students rash enough to bathe in the River Cam: evidently it was the pleasure, rather than the nudity, which was regarded as immoral.

In spite of official denunciations, men continued to bathe nude, and by the middle of the 18th century sea-bathing had become a fashionable exercise for both sexes. Long before swimming trunks were thought of, men bathed openly naked at Brighton, Margate, Scarborough and many other 'watering places' without comment. At Worcester they would dive off a barge moored in the River Severn, and wade ashore to dry off on the banks. Some people complained about this unrestrained display of male nudity: and the Town Council responded by providing an attendant to discourage 'excessive' exposure.

Very rarely, the common law of England might be invoked to prevent the

'outrage' of public decency. In a case decided as long ago as 1807 a man was convicted after he had undressed and swum naked opposite the East Cliff at Brighton in view of a row of houses. Despite the fact that the man's intentions had been entirely innocent, the judge took the view that the necessary tendency of his conduct had been to 'outrage decency'. In another case decided in 1871 it was held that it was unlawful for men to bathe naked near a public right of way so that the exposure of the genitals would inevitably occur. However, the prosecution didn't press the case when undertakings had been given that future nude bathing would take place from a shed!

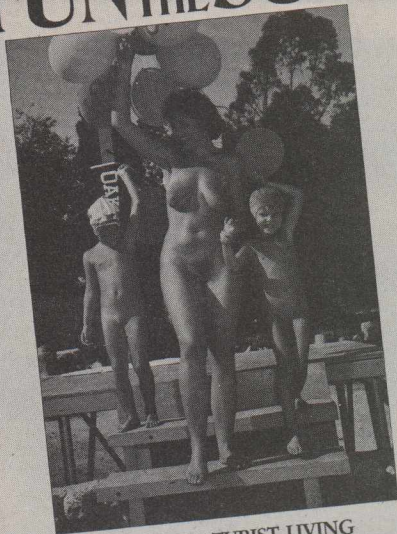
Without question the most convincing exponent of nude bathing in the 19th century was the Reverend Francis Kilvert, writer of that most charming (and revealing) of Victorian documents, Kilvert's Diary. Francis Kilvert had an enormous zest for life which was sometimes manifested in rather odd forms – for instance in his obsessive interest in little girls. But perhaps the most endearing aspect of his complex character was his unbounded enthusiasm for nude bathing, references to which appear in a number of pages in the Diary. Here he is enjoying himself at Weston-Super-Mare



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Foreword by Ed Lange



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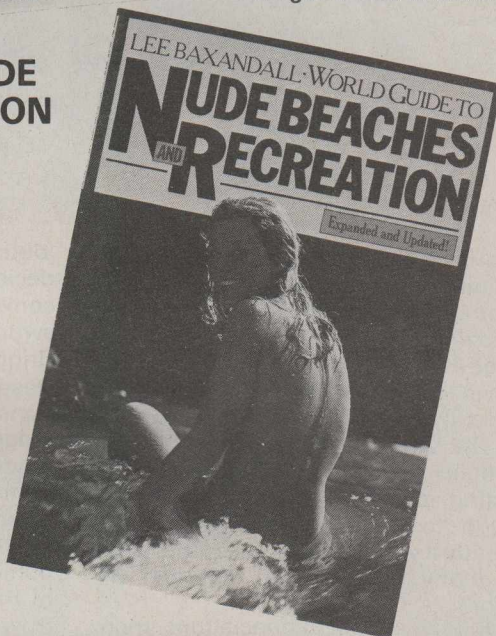
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in September 1872:

'I was out early this morning before breakfast this morning bathing from the sands. There was a delicious feeling of freedom in stripping in the open air and running down naked to the sea where the waves were curling white with foam and the red morning sunshine glowing upon the naked limbs of the bathers.'

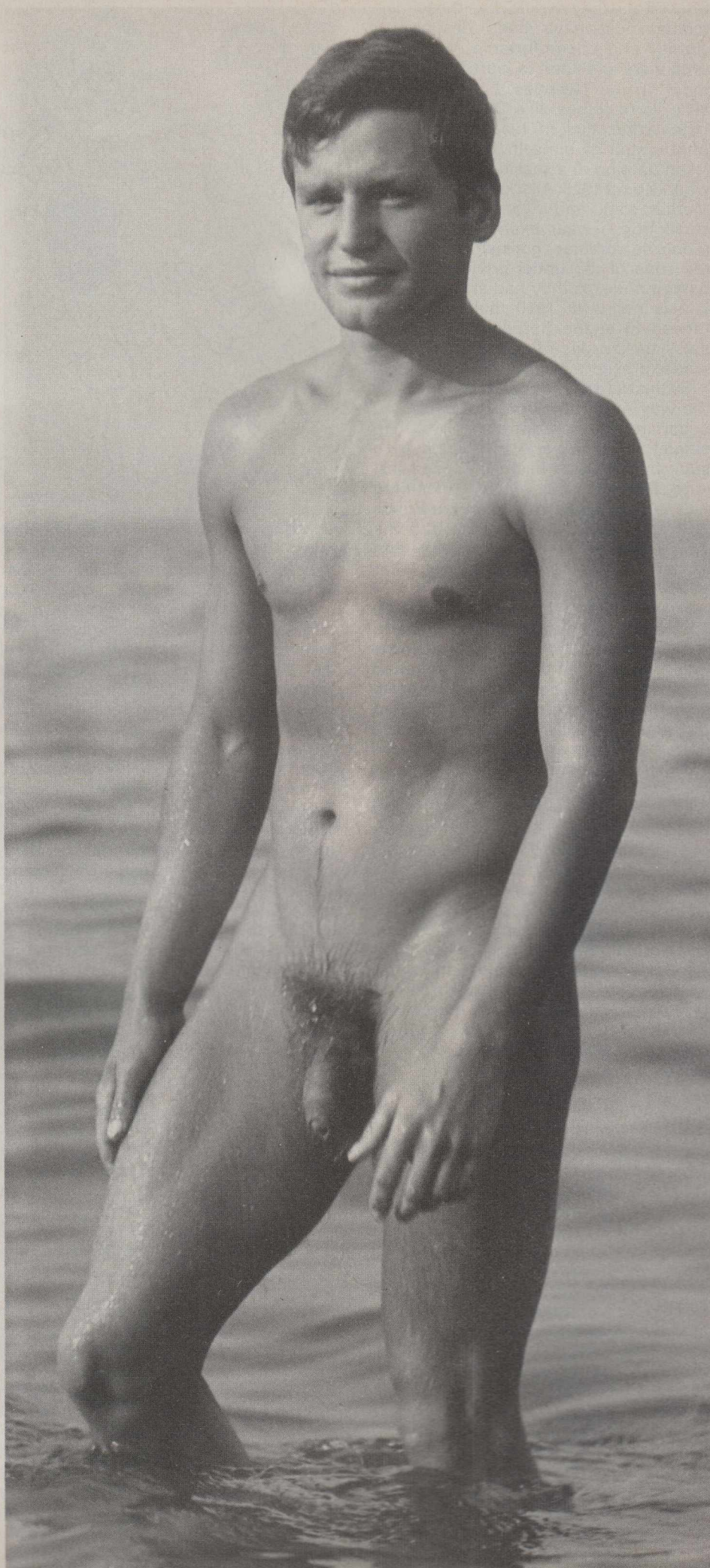
The entry in the Diary for 24th July is even more revealing. Kilvert was staying at Seaton in Devon at the time, and he writes:

'... while Dora was sitting on the beach I had a bathe. A boy brought me to the machine-door two towels as I thought, but when I came out of the water and began to use them I found that one of the rags he had given me was a pair of very short red and white striped drawers to cover my nakedness. Unaccustomed to such things I had in my ignorance bathed naked and set at naught the conventionalities of the place and scandalised the beach. However, some little boys who were looking on at the rude naked man appeared to be much interested in the spectacle, and the young ladies who were strolling near seemed to have no objection.'

This entry raises a number of interesting points. Kilvert is plainly refreshingly shameless about his naked appearance: any conventional sense of guilt is entirely absent. The evident tolerance of nudity by the local ladies is significant: one wonders what the reaction would have been if Kilvert had publicly disported himself nude at Seaton a hundred years later! And to Kilvert 'bathing-drawers' were clearly something of an innovation; he was accustomed to bathing nude and couldn't have known that at a sophisticated resort such as Seaton swimmers were expected to cover their genitals.

Where, then, did the hated 'drawers' come from? They were preceded by the bathing-slip, which seems to have arrived in Britain from abroad somewhere about the middle of the 19th century: it took the form of a curious triangular garment called a 'caleçon'. From this innocuous beginning there developed those ungainly and gaudy drawers. But for the prudish late-Victorians, even these garments provided insufficient covering. Many of them considered the male torso indecent, and accordingly the full-length 'University' costume was devised: this was an extraordinarily ugly waspish affair in horizontal stripes which effectively concealed the wearer from neck to knee. In its turn it was superseded by a straight-forward 'tube', usually of navy-blue material, buttoning at the shoulder: and this remained the standard costume for men well into the 20th century.

What about children? Boys and girls who wanted to bathe generally followed the examples set by their elders and betters. In Edwardian times the small sons of the well-heeled would wear sailor suits, both in the sea and out of it.



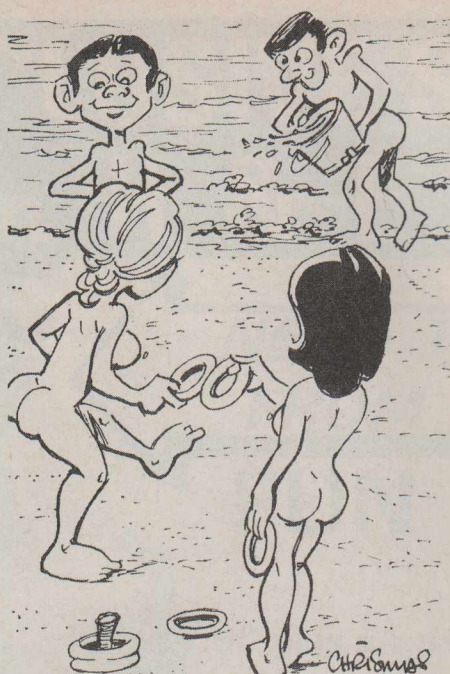


Soaked as they would be, these garments must have been desperately clumsy and uncomfortable – yet children were expected to learn to swim in them. In the Twenties, boys and girls alike wore 'tubes' like Dad and Mum. (The writer has in his possession a photograph of himself and his family, taken bathing at a seaside resort somewhere about 1928. All four of us – Father, Mother, sister and myself – then a very small boy – wear examples of these repulsive tubular garments.) As for the sons of the under-privileged, they bathed nude, as they had always done; it was not until 1930 that the police moved in at the Serpentine to chase away the hordes of naked small boys whose presence excited little comment.

By this date the 'tubes', at last, were on the way out. They were replaced by a becoming outfit consisting of white singlet and black shorts, divided by a superfluous white belt. This didn't last long. By now the craze for sunbathing was in full swing, and when the Prince of Wales discarded his singlet-top the whole world rushed to do likewise – and at last the male torso reappeared – for good.

For some time, black or navy shorts, sustained by the ubiquitous white belt, remained the standard bathing costume for men. Some shorts were designed to be worn both in, and out of, the water; to serve their dual purpose they contained ingeniously built-in underpants. (The writer still possesses a pair of these garments; they are comfortable enough for strolling on the beach, but cling unpleasantly to the body when wet.) Shorts still perform a useful function for the benefit of elderly or sensitive types of ungainly appearance. Very tight 'Sharktex' shorts were popularised in America by no less a person than the future President of the United States, actor Ronald Reagan; and for years the most fashionable standards in swimwear for men and women were ordained in Hollywood. Ultimately, most men took to the conventional trunks or briefs, which are readily available in a variety of self-supporting materials and effectively cover the buttocks and genitals.

Swimming trunks, however cunningly designed, offer a poor standard of comfort for the male bather, and from time to time enterprising firms do all they can to induce men to wear briefs of negligible proportions. Abroad, the movement to reduce trunks to the barest minimum met with some success, and costumes of quite astonishing brevity may occasionally be observed on the beaches of Brittany and the Riviera. Meanwhile in Britain (if the mail-order catalogues are to be believed) the process of transforming male bathing costumes from articles of concealment into instruments of seduction proceeds apace. Front runner in the Titillation Stakes is undoubtedly the 'posing pouch', which in its elemental form consists simply of a bag just large enough to contain penis and scrotum, and attached to the person by means of an elastic band. No other form of



covering is provided. Posing pouches may be obtained in various colours, and may be constructed of cotton, wet-look or see-through material.

Other runners include see-through briefs in black or white 'for flashy fellows'; briefs with a see-through panel 'for the masculine man'; see-through briefs with a satin front panel 'to make your intentions obvious'; and briefs with nylon sides and a satin front pouch 'guaranteed to give the girls a treat'. And, to bring up the rear, a splendid creation in black net briefs with a 'penis pocket' for 'those who hate a cramped crotch'. (And who doesn't?) Nevertheless a practical problem remains: where, precisely, can these exotic confections be worn? It seems more than doubtful if any of them would be acceptable in the average municipal swimming pool.

At one time the protagonists of compulsory fig-leaves for men received unexpected support from an unlikely source – the psycho-analysts. They objected to the display of the sex organs, not because they were indecent, but because they were ugly. Havelock Ellis, doyen of sexologists, affirms that, in his view, the genitals had no aesthetic appeal. They were not subject to modification by a process of natural selection, and had retained their 'primitive' character. Dr. Freud held very similar views. 'The genitals,' he maintained, 'have not undergone the rest of the development of the human form in the direction of beauty... They have retained their animal cast... It is remarkable that the genitals, the sight of which is always exciting, are hardly ever regarded as beautiful.' In other words, Freud thought that men and women alike still carry a bit of the animal realm around with them between their legs. It seems that there is no scientific foundation for this curious Freudian concept and (as Wayland Young wryly remarks in 'Eros Denied') all it means is that Freud didn't like the look of the things. He can never be a satisfying guide to those who do.'

Now, all this would have appeared very odd to the ancient Greeks, to whom all parts of the body were equally beautiful. They delighted in depicting the sex organs and wrote nice things about them – for instance in one of Aristophanes' plays, where open admiration is expressed of the appearance of a young man's genitals. Priapus, god of fertility, was always depicted nude and rampant: he seems to have been the first-ever sunbather, judging from a charming statuette which shows him busily anointing his erect penis with the equivalent of sun-tan lotion. And admirers of Donatello's magnificent nude study of the young David can't doubt that the sculptor looked upon his model's penis as supremely beautiful. Nevertheless naturists disinclined to enter into this field of controversy may prefer to consider the genitals of both sexes as aesthetically neutral. Like knees and elbows, they are unlikely to arouse any violent artistic passions...

There remains to be discussed the one distinctly hush-hush feature of swimming trunks. They have the advantage, such as it is, of sparing the wearer any 'embarrassment' – in other words, if he has an erection, hopefully, it won't show.

Despite the assurances of dedicated naturists, most men continue to believe that the sight of a nude woman automatically produces an involuntary reaction; and convention demands that the effect of such erotic stimulation must at all costs be concealed. Men are absurdly self-conscious about this natural phenomenon; and a phenomenal quantity of print over the years must have appeared in the naturist Press in an endeavour to reassure timid enquirers.

The plain simple fact is that, in naturist circles, it rarely happens. (And if it does, nobody takes any notice.) The trouble is that the mass of susceptible males simply refuse to believe it. And until men bathers can be certain that there is no likelihood of their making exhibitions of themselves, they will continue to provide concealment for their vital organs.

For this reason – if for no other – it would be idle to look for the early demise of the orthodox bathing costume for men. Optimistic naturists point to the steady growth of 'free' beaches and the growing popularity of nude swimming sessions at public baths. Sadly, they must be reminded that only a tiny majority of men utilise these occasions for the joy of bathing nude. Nobody seriously expects nudity to blossom for the general public at Bournemouth or Margate: the day when trunks finally disappear from municipal swimming pools is a long, long way away. Yet the number of men and women who find their costumes disagreeable and cumbersome grows steadily year by year. As for me, I can only hope to go the whole way with Francis Kilvert and declare swimming trunks to be thoroughly detestable garments, to be discarded whenever the opportunity occurs!







# GUADELOUPE REVISITED

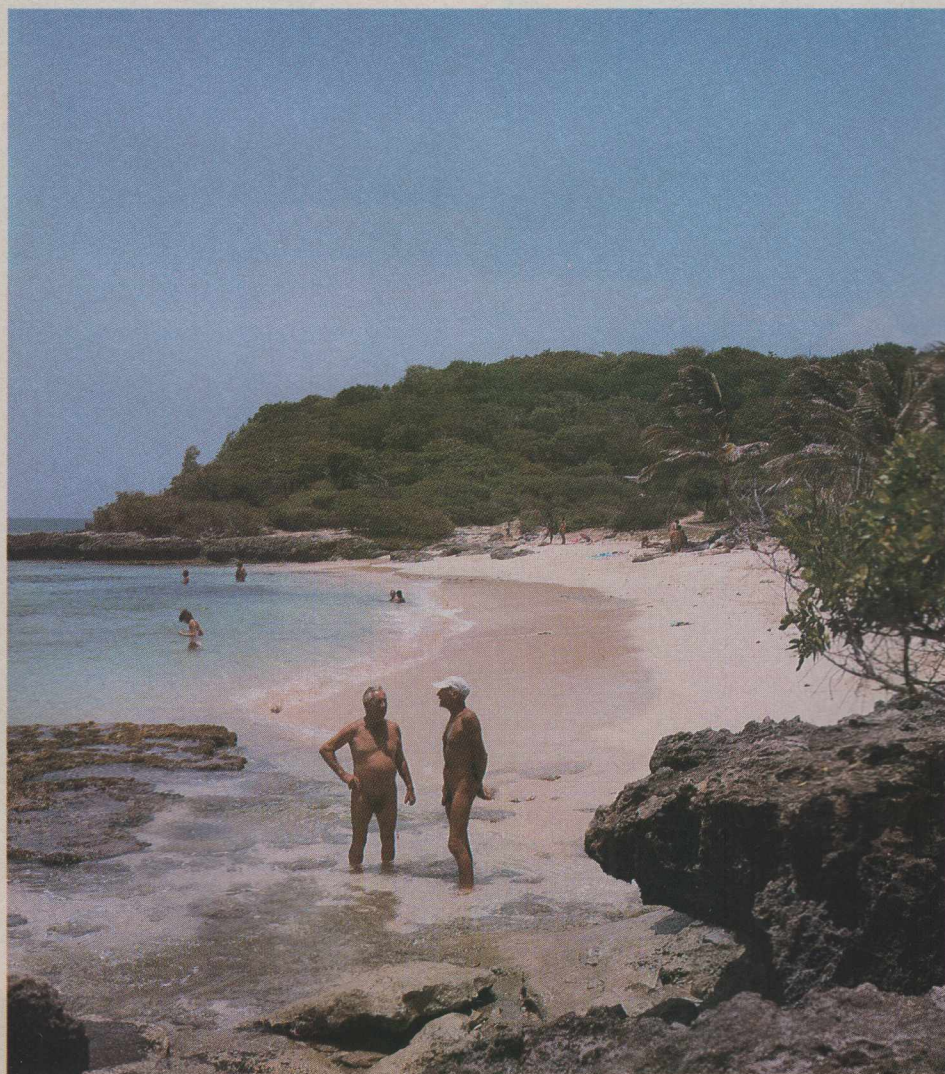
**W**HERE do you find the French spirit of *laissez-faire*, girls prettier than in Paris and less arrogant, and food and drink both Continental and Creole? Right! You find all that in the French West Indies, the Lesser Antilles, on the islands of Guadeloupe, and Martinique.

When naturists want to experience all this, enjoy year-around sunshine, and combine it with nude beaches, the choice becomes uniquely Guadeloupe where there are nine naturist beaches. There used to be ten, but the one at Vieux-Habitants was swallowed up by a building project.

The beginning of local naturism had its roots in the early sixties when the only beach permitting nudity was one hidden away in the wild eastern extremity of Guadeloupe, namely at Pointe Tarare. A retired captain of the French army, a Legion of Honour holder, was

already then the local representative of the French Federation of Naturists. His name is Jean Rocquemont; he was a hero in World War II, and he is now a hero in the fight for naturism locally.

The foot in the door for expanded nude use of beaches came in December 1967 when Leif Heilberg, a staff photographer and photojournalist for Ed Lange's Elysium, Inc. publications in southern California, visited the island and met Jean Rocquemont, already at this time known as 'le colonel'. Together they went to the capital city of Basse-Terre, where they hoped to convince the 'préfét' (similar to the Governor of an American state) that Leif Heilberg's illustrated articles in the naturist press would attract a lot of nudists from North America to visit Guadeloupe and as tourists leave lots of money in local coffers. All that was needed was more



naturist beaches.

First a rebuff, the 'préfét' could not be seen, as he was much too busy those days. However, a Mr. Etzi, the 'sous-préfét' (or lieutenant governor) was able to see Rocquemont and Heilberg, and subsequently they made their case



Despite naturist politics, setbacks and the falling out of various organisations, Guadeloupe remains a rising naked force in the Caribbean. It's photographer Leif Heilberg's favourite, and here he tells why.



There is now a well-established tradition of naturism.

clear. Mr. Etzi said that the locals were very conservative compared with metropolitan France, but of course, it was true that, if the cash registers of local merchants started ringing more vigorously as a result of an influx of naturist tourists, the locals would quickly change

their minds about nudism. 'Come back in two days!', Mr. Etzi said, 'and in the meantime I shall present your proposition to the préfet'.

Two days went by with photography of local naturists, and then Rocquemont and Heilberg returned to Basse-Terre

with great expectations but somewhat fearing rejection, as Jean Rocquemont alone had tried previously without success to get permission for nudity on other beaches. It must have been the alliance of our hero Colonel Rocquemont (Legion d'Honneur) and the





Naturists from the States and Europe still stream to warm and sunny Guadeloupe.



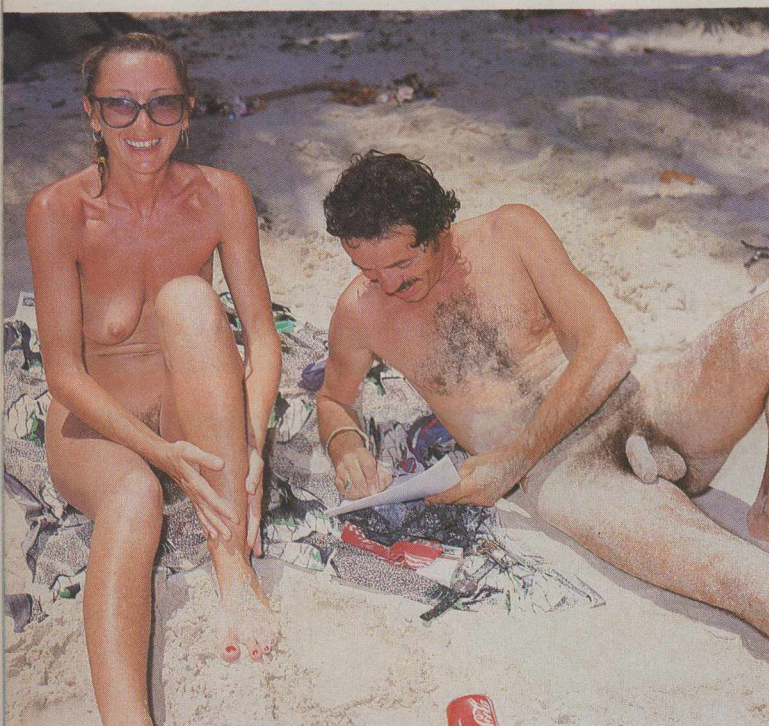
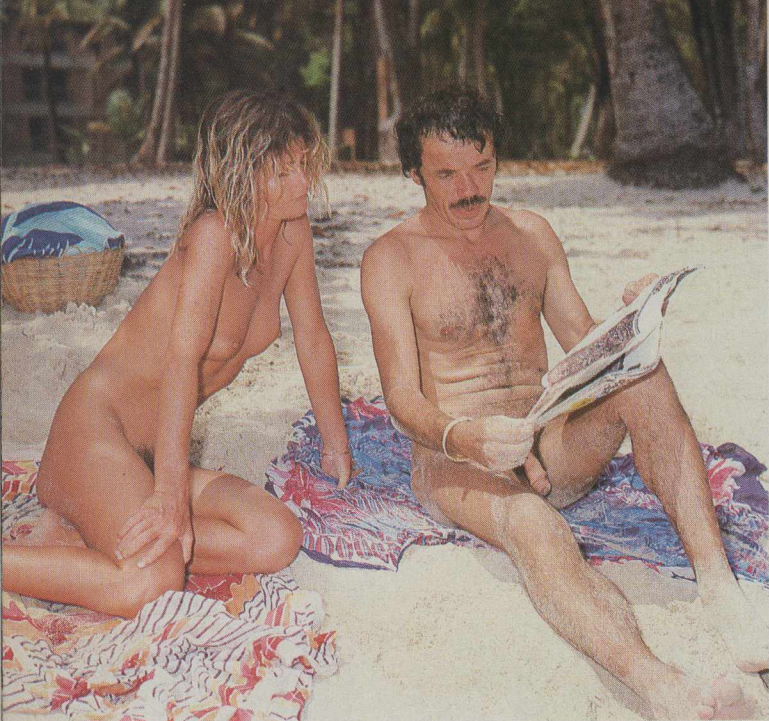
peripatetic Leif Heilberg (Elysium's 'Our Man in Europe') whose joint proposition and two-pronged attack (local activism combined with overseas publicity) proved invincible. Mr. Etzi told them that the préfet had given the green light to activate nude beaches around Guadeloupe, with the only condition that Leif Heilberg would guarantee publicity abroad so that even increasing numbers of naturists would arrive as tourists wanting to enjoy nudity on the island's beaches. Only a few dozen would be expected the first year, then a few hundred, then thousands. Yes, yes, said Leif Heilberg, this will be done.

Joyously Jean Rocquemont and pal Leif Heilberg left Basse-Terre, started working furiously, and immediately Ed Lange was notified to start publicity. Within ten days, from El Salvador, Leif Heilberg wrote René Kielinger (INF Secretary General) in Zürich about the fortunate outcome. The rest is history. The articles with photographic illustrations appeared copiously, and everywhere people paid notice to this first tropical paradise in the Caribbean, so close for both Americans and Canadians, and also a highly desirable vacation goal for Europeans. Colonel Rocquemont worked incessantly, like a demon, expanding the number of recognized naturist beaches from one to ten. Although the FFN (French Federation of Naturism) has kept sending brochures for use by Rocquemont to promote membership in the organization, they









Naturist visitors are probably unaware of the intricacies of the local



have largely ignored this herculean effort in the French overseas territory and given scant publicity to the progress and other important events of naturism in Guadeloupe. Jean Rocquemont deserves a much better treatment than that.

Luckily, American and Canadian naturists have shown more gratitude towards Jean Rocquemont. They have come in ever increasing numbers, many returning year after year, and after the blitz of publicity articles dwindled, endless letters to the editor of naturist publications have kept the wonderful vacation destination in the public eye, and to that have been added some display advertisements by Guadeloupean motel owners, another private investment in Guadeloupe's tourism. French Canadian naturists with their present FQN organization and 'Au naturel' magazine have a large stake in Guadeloupe, through their common



# NATURISM IN AUSTRIA

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NATURISM



# WHY GO TO AUSTRIA?

**W**HY should you visit Austria for a naturist holiday? It's well known that even the Austrians themselves flock across the border into Yugoslavia for their naturist holidays.

There are many reasons and since I first went there many years ago I have not changed my mind on any of them.

Perhaps the first is the wonder of the countryside. Austria is a most beautiful country. The second is the sheer majesty of the mountains. The third is the variety of naturist resorts to be found in this small country.

In truth Austria is not all that small, but its wonderful network of breathtaking motorways makes it seem smaller than it is. You can speed along here at up to 130 kilometres per hour. And through the facility of huge bridges leap from mountain top to mountain top. Or so it seems. In the old days hours were taken up just climbing up and down the mountain sides.

Austria is entirely land locked. If you demand the seaside you must look elsewhere. But don't let that put you off. Austria is also a land of ever surprising lakes and rivers. Some of Austria's best naturist holiday spots are situated on or beside beautiful lakes.

This is especially true of the south of Austria but we will deal with that in more detail later on in the review.

I know some people can spend all their holidays inside a naturist resort. Especially if there is little to see outside. But this would be impossible in Austria unless your soul was completely dead to the beauty of nature.

It seems as though Austria was made with the tourist in mind. And even if it wasn't the Austrians have been busy ever since they gained their freedom from the occupying powers after the last war making it a tourist paradise.

Accommodation is good and reasonably priced everywhere you go. There is a good range of accommodation, though it is wise to remember that hotels in the big cities can be very expensive especially when compared with that charged in smaller towns just outside.

So it pays to stay outside a large

***Austria – a land of magnificent mountains and lakes – and an open approach to naturism. H. M. Wren holidayed there recently and captured it for H&E. He did have to search around a bit, though, as they are not actively seeking publicity – but he thought the results were, in most cases, worth it.***

city and travel in during the day to see the sights. If you can, see the old towns in the centre of Innsbruck and Salzburg. And if you

sit down at one of the outdoor cafes here expect to pay around a £1 for whatever you have – be it a mineral water or a beer. You are



The popular tourist town of Innsbruck.

paying for the seat – not the drink!

What about the weather? And the crowds? July and August are the most crowded months and if you can avoid them do. Last summer I was in Austria during the first two weeks in September. Except for two or three days, the sun shone almost continuously. Sometimes in the morning there was a slight mist. But this soon cleared to give clear skies. June too can be a good month. Fortunately the naturist resorts we are going to recommend are in the south of the country and here you will usually find the best weather.

To give you an idea of the temperature possible here is a list of the maximum afternoon temperatures: May 19°C, June 22°C, July 24°C, August 23°C, September 19°C, October 13°C.

What about money? Anywhere in the world the tourist is a prime target for the crook. Austria must be one of the most honest places in the world, but the crook is everywhere. He may even be your fellow traveller. Consequently, travellers cheques come into their own. These days if you inquire around you may find you can get travellers cheques without paying the usual commission.

But cash is convenient. You can forget bank opening times and queueing for your money. Provided, that is, you are prepared to take it everywhere with you.

I'm a firm believer in taking Austrian cash in note form. I put it in a safety belt and wear the belt around my neck. Sounds strange? In fact not – it's easy and convenient. And it goes everywhere with you – even to bed should you wish. In a lifetime of travelling, I've never lost a penny. I take travellers cheques too – also in the money belt, but they are for emergency use only.

Another idea is to divide the money between yourself and your partner. So even if one half is lost it's hardly likely you will lose all.

Incidentally at the time of writing, the pound is worth almost exactly 20 Austrian schillings. For those of you old enough to remember pounds, shillings and pence, the price of everything in Austria is immediately evident.





How to get to Austria? Obviously flying is the easy answer. Providing that is you don't mind curving around the mountains to get into Innsbruck. I remember some years ago watching from the road as a passenger plane came in to land at Innsbruck and saw it was actually flying below me. Last summer waiting to land we were stacked up over Innsbruck with huge mountains seemingly close enough to touch. A sight not inclined to make a nervous passenger happy.

Going by car is ideal if you are prepared to face the long journey. Flying and hiring a car at the airport combines the advantages of quick arrival and easy get away.

If you do this take a credit card. It greatly facilitates car hire.

Austrian naturism is strong on camping – it always has been. So if you are a keen camper, this is the place for you. Fit a roof rack to your car and away you go. But be careful to check out all your gear before you leave. And that means erecting the tent before you leave.

While you are on the move, putting up a tent for just one night is hardly worth the effort. You should keep your eyes open for a 'Zimmerfrei' sign which indicates a room to let – often in a private house. These can be very reasonable and good value. But if you are travelling at the height of the tourist season, you might have to end your days as early as 4 p.m. in the afternoon – after that you may never see a 'Zimmerfrei' sign. They fill up quickly about that time. This being the case it's wise to plan your journey to start early in the morning and start looking for a room to rent near some interesting town or other sight.

Just because it's summer, you shouldn't ignore the famous winter sports towns. If places like Seefeld or Kitzbuhel need a slight diversion, then divert. They are worth it, for the tendency today is for the famous resorts and some of the less famous to concentrate on all the year round accommodation.

A few words. Gasthof means a reasonably large hotel especially in country districts. Gasthaus on the other hand indicates a smaller



What they lose in sea, they make up with beautiful fresh lakes.

place with a few bedrooms. Frühstückspension, bed and breakfast and perhaps an evening meal.

Buying food is as easy as anywhere else in the civilised world. The so-called 'supermarket' is to be found everywhere. It can be any size. The Spar grocery chain provides lots of shops. Service comes with an old-

fashioned smile – a thing almost forgotten in some of the bigger cities of Europe.

Before leaving for Austria you should, if possible, visit your nearest Austrian Tourist Bureau. Especially useful is a brochure entitled Austria From The Inside. One side of this large fold out is packed with general information and the other consists of a most

useful map. While this is quite good enough for planning general journeys especially between the larger towns, to find some of the more remote naturist resorts you will need something better. I used the 1:500 000 Kummerly+ Frey. It is useful because it includes large chunks of the surrounding countries of Germany, Italy and Yugoslavia.



# AUSTRIA'S NATURIST H.Q.

**A** GLANCE at the map will show you this is in the very south of the country hugging the borders of Yugoslavia and Italy.

If you look more closely at any map of the area you will soon spot the wonderful lake known as the Worther See. To my mind, and I admit to bias, this is the most wonderful waterway in the whole of Austria. Around its shores you will find fascinating small towns. Some, like Velden, are very superior. Others like Portschach combine old world elegance with a dash of modernism. At the other extreme you'll find places like Maria-Worth which is so tourist infested it has lost every semblance of the pretty church peninsula it once must have been. If I have any criticism of the area it must be the greed of local cafe owners who spread violently coloured posters everywhere in Maria-Worth to the detriment of the place itself.

One of the advantages of Worther See is its nearness to Yugoslavia. The two are so utterly different. If the ambience of one doesn't suit – the other certainly will. Or if you have the time and the transport, you could consider

**The heartland of Austrian naturism as far as holiday makers is concerned must be the province of Carinthia, sometimes spelt Karnten.**

having a two centre holiday. One say along the coast of Istria in Yugoslavia at one of the many seaside naturist resorts there and the other at the inland lake bound resorts in the lake districts of Carinthia.

Finally at one end of the Worther See stands the city of Klagenfurt. Perhaps because I live in London I have little love for cities when I'm on holiday and Klagenfurt is no exception. But other naturists I have met say the place can be well worth a visit – especially if you pick one of their festival days.

But to return to our subject. There are no naturist resorts actually bordering on the waters of the Worther See itself. At least I was unable to find the one shown on the INF Guide, which because of its apparent position could well be near the lake itself. We scoured the area it was supposed to occupy, but with no luck.

This brings me to an important point to anyone who may be

planning a visit. If you are planning to visit some of the bigger resorts like most of those mentioned in this supplement you will have little or no trouble finding the place. Don't be afraid to ask. A place like Dobein for instance has been there for more than a quarter of a century and there must be few residents for 50 miles around who haven't at one time or another at least heard of it, or even visited at least one of the resorts.

But if your objective is one of the smaller clubs you will have to make considerable efforts to make sure the owners or their representatives know you are coming and when. You will need a detailed map and a telephone number. Last summer I wrote to every club we intended to visit well in advance. I'm sad to say, we only had one reply.

I don't know why this is but I suspect that it may be because the bigger holiday resorts are so popular during the season they

can't be bothered and the smaller club like resorts are really not geared to taking visitors. On top of that you have the language problem. And it still is a problem! While many Austrians speak excellent English very few brochures are printed in English. Even in the non-naturist world the printed English word seems rare indeed. It must be that English visitors are so few it hardly makes printing special brochures in that language worthwhile.

But back to the map. If you have located the lake of the Worther See, drop your eyes south and you may locate the much smaller lake called the Keutschacher See, and another alongside called Hafnersee. This latter is so small I keep thinking of its name as 'half a see'.

These two lakes are or rather were the headquarters of Carinthian naturism. Today I'm afraid you have to cut out the smaller lake the Hafnersee. Although the latest INF world naturist guide still gives a naturist resort on the banks of the Hafnersee we must conclude it's no longer there.

We looked. How we looked. Once upon a time I recall one

RESORT	ACCOMO- DATION AVAILABLE					FACILITIES AVAILABLE																
<p>Note: The list of facilities given is far from complete and is meant to serve as an indication only.</p> <p>✓ = YES</p> <p>× = NO</p>	Camping for visitors	Caravan spaces for visitors	Rooms available	Bungalows to let	Caravans to let	Swimming pool	Other nude swimming	Warm water showers	Cold water showers	Games courts	Children's area	Sauna	Pavilion	W.C.	Kitchen for visitors	Meals available	Shop available	Dogs prohibited	Single women prohibited	Single men prohibited	Radios prohibited	Months open 1/12 = all year
HELIO CARINTHIA	✓	✓	×	✓	×	×	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	×	✓	×	✓	✓	×	1/12
TIGRINGER SEE	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	✓	×	×	×	×	×	5/9
KLEINGELANDE	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	×	×	×	×	×	×	1/12
DOBEIN	✓	✓	✓	×	×	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	×	×	×	5/9
MULLERHOF	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	×	×	×	5/9
MAIERNIGG	✓	✓	×	✓	×	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	✓	×	✓	×	×	×	5/10
RUTAR LIDO	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	×	✓	×	1/12
RABNITZBACH	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	×	✓	✓	5/10
VOLS	✓	✓	×	×	×	✓	×	✓	✓	✓	✓	×	✓	✓	×	✓	×	✓	×	×	✓	5/10

Note: The list of facilities given is far from complete and is meant to serve as an indication only.

✓ = YES

× = NO



could reach the resort by that lake from its own road and I thought that branched from the one leading to the resorts along the Keutschacher See. No longer. However there is a sign beside a nearby road which indicated the presence of this delightful if small lake. We followed the signs and discovered a large camping and hotel space with the tents running right down to the still waters. But it wasn't naturist.

Across the other side of the lake we thought we could still see the large building that once formed the core of the old naturist resort. Finally we made a last attempt to reach that building but were cut off by a couple of walkers who told us the resort was no longer. A pity because that lake, the Hafnersee, is pure delight.

To get to the main naturist resorts which hug the edges of the Keutschacher See you get onto the road which runs from Velden at the west end of the Worther See and runs through Keutschach to Klagenfurt. At a place called Plescherken you turn to the south onto a very minor road. There is an FKK sign, but it is small and easily missed. If you are travelling from Velden the road is on the right and immediately after the sign indicating the Hafnersee. Follow this road curving around to the left and eventually you will arrive at the major naturist resorts in the area.

There are two. For the purpose of this guide we will call them Dobein – the oldest established – and Mullerhof. They are neighbours. Those of you who have visited Dobein in the past may recall that beside the naturist reserve was a textile camp. All that separated the two was a swift running cold stream and a fence of sorts. Well, the stream is still there, but now both camps are naturist.

The Mullerhof camp is the first one you see, carry on only a few metres and you come to Dobein. Effectively the road ends here.

But it is possible to drive or walk through the naturist resort and pick up another path which will lead you to smaller private naturist areas and eventually back to the road you left at Keutschach.

If you have any difficulty finding the resorts, you can't miss the township of Keutschach. It is well signposted. Look here for the Information Office. You take a road on the left just past the road leading to Reifnitz (of which more later) you will find your way to a delightfully situated Information Bureau. Here the girls on the counter all spoke English of a sort and all knew exactly how to find the resorts.

In fact they produce a brochure called Das Keutschacher Seental which gives detailed maps and information. If you want to write to them before you leave, the address is Information Bureau, Keutschach See, Carinthia, Austria.

When I was at their office they had several brochures on the area. Ask for the one headed



'Information'. This is by far the most useful. The other consisted almost entirely of pretty pictures. Beautiful but not much use. Incidentally this last had a centre fold of a beautiful nude young woman and another nude shot showing naturists on one of the jetties alongside the waters of the Keutschacher See.

It is worth noting that both the resorts on the Keutschacher See are mainly for campers and caravanners. Dobein does have a number of beds – a guide in front

of me as I write says 30. In the season I imagine these will soon be filled.

So you have the option of staying elsewhere and paying day visits. This is the solution we preferred as it left us free to look around and select the resorts that suited us best.

We elected to stay at an hotel beside the waters of the Worther See at Reifnitz. Thus we had the benefits of both the lakes. And Reifnitz is the closest place on the Worther See. There are a number

of guest houses and hotels ideally suited to exploring not only the naturist resorts but all around the delightful area.

The cost of staying at one of these places of course varies according to the season and the quality of the establishment. But a guide to the prices is contained in the information you can get from the Bureau. Generally speaking for half board for a few days it varies between about 300 to 400 Austrian Schillings per day per person.



# THE RESORTS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS!

**L**AST summer we set out to visit a resort which went under the title of 'Tigring'. At least that is what we had to assume was the name. In the INF guide it merely gave the approximate position in relation to the nearest big town (Klagenfurt) and the name of Tigring – which we later learnt to be Tigringer See, another lake.

I suppose names matter little. But I'm an old romantic and I like names. For me the name of the nearest town is not good enough. Helio Carinthia I much prefer to say Eisenstratten, and 'La Roche aux Dames' is infinitely better than Paris. For one thing it promises more. I'd rather have a rock full of dames than all the Poules of Montmartre.

And while I'm on the subject the French have a genius for names – with a few exceptions of course. Agde for instance. But they make up for that with wonderful dreams like Aphrodite Village and Hacienda Jolye-Eve. What a heady mixture – Aphrodite and Eve – and there is even a Ulysses.

## Tigringer See

Tigringer See is another resort located in the province of Carinthia only this time it is some way north of the Worther See. To get there, first locate the motorway between Villach and Klagenfurt. Near Pörschach leave the motorway and get onto the road to Mooseburg and from there towards Tigringer. You'll pass through beautiful countryside and the nearer to Tigring you get the better the scenery.

In the event we sailed right past the naturist resort. We did notice a big hotel to our left and went past it. Finding ourselves out on the open road again we went back to ask directions. Then we were told we had arrived.

The resort itself lies down and behind the hotel building. There you will find the Tigringer See. A small pretty lake which is really the focus for the activities at the camp.

Talking of the camp the road leads down from the big building and runs right alongside one edge of the lake and then rises up into a green field. After a few hundred yards it just peters out into green grass. On either side of this road are located tents and caravans. Nearby is a good new ablutions block.

For the most part the lake is comparatively shallow and safe for kids. Around part of the shore is a sort of sand which they adore. Mud pies! The grass of the camp site runs right down to the water's

**Setting out to visit a new club or one you have never seen before is an adventure. You have no idea what to expect. And that is more than half the fun.**

edge – truly a delightful spot.

Apart from camping and caravanning you can hire rooms at Tigringer. The accommodation is modern, clean and up to the standard of local hotels. Here bed and breakfast will cost you round about 185 Austrian Schillings per person per day. A room for two with balcony will cost around 460 schillings. This is for the middle of June to the end of August. Out of this season the price drops.

If you would like their brochure and up to date prices write to: FKK-Erholungszentrum Tigringer See, A-9062 Moosburg, Tigring 19, Karnten, Austria.

## Rutar Lido

As I said, Tigringer See lies to the north of the Worther See. There is another new resort known as Rutar Lido to the east of the lake.

To find it you must locate the town of Ebendorf which lies about 20 kilometres to the east of Klagenfurt. This is simplicity it-

self. From Klagenfurt you take road No. 70 towards Graz. The first decent sized town is called Volkermarkt. Turn right here onto road number 82; pass through Kuhnsdorf and shortly you will find the town of Eberndorf on your left lying a little way back from the main road. Here you turn right and then immediately left. At this last turn you should see an FKK sign. After that it's straight ahead and you can't miss the large building clearly marked Rutar Lido.

It is all alone in the country and is somewhat of an oasis of trees and water in the surrounding fields of the farmland around. The building at the entrance is the 'Appartement Hotel' itself. Here at the back and through a narrow gate you'll find the reception. The Rutar Lido has as a sort of subtitle the name 'Garten Eden'.

Essentially the Rutar Lido consists of a centre games and swimming complex surrounded by camping and caravanning

sites. I must say that the owners have provided a nicely wooded site. The trees are still young but they allow plenty of shade where it's needed. At one end of the games and swimming area is a very pleasant restaurant. When we were there most diners were sitting outside in pleasant green surroundings but should you wish, there is an indoor eating area as well.

Also available on the site was a sauna, a supermarket and most interesting of all, a small lake. Several of the visitors were busy fishing the waters. One group told us they had already caught some fish but had put them back.

One interesting thing about the Rutar Lido is that it is open all the year. We thought it a very restful resort. Quiet and peaceful – an ideal retreat from the stresses of the modern world.

The nearby town of Eberndorf didn't impress us much – but then who wants towns on holiday? If you want more information on the resort you can write to them at Rutar Lido, A-9141 Eberndorf, Karnten, Austria.

The latest news from Rutar Lido is that they have acquired a lake which lies to the south of the present resort. It's about 3 hectares in size. The intention is to make this lake part of the Lido's attractions.

## Helio Carinthia

25 years ago Helio Carinthia saw its first season of sunshine. A year later H & E was there gathering all the details for its readers.

This year a quarter of a century later we returned.

How things had changed, yet how much had remained the same.

Helio Carinthia lies approximately 50 kilometres north-west of the Worther See. You can take either the motorway leaving it where the signs indicate Eisenstratten or you can travel by the much more interesting and scenic road No. 98. We recommend the latter unless you are in a hurry.

However you go, look for the towns Gmund, Eisenstratten and the smaller Leoben. You will be climbing up a valley between high hills with a swift rushing river on your right.

Eventually you have to cross this river via a bridge and head into the country. Keep an eye out for the signs leading you to the naturist resort.

Then put your car into low gear and prepare to climb up the side of a mountain. For once upon a



The surrounding scenery is always worth seeing.



time Helio Carinthia was a farm with its huge old farm house clinging to the side of the mountain. You wind back and forth and with every hairpin you get higher and higher.

Eventually you reach the end, park your car and walk towards the ancient farmhouse. It is no longer the main living quarters, new buildings have replaced the old and unfortunately the great old ancient barn of a building looks in need of repair.

From up here the views are breathtaking. You look across from one mountain to another. And being so high, up and out of the valley, the sun seems so much hotter – even in September.

Finally we rounded the last bend and there was Inge just where we had left her some twenty-four years before.

Helio Carinthia is huge. It's a long drive up to the main reception area but even here you are only about a third of the way to the very top. You can walk nude for hours.

Not everything is on the side of a mountain. Right from the very start the owners had set themselves to level out many areas for camping, bathing, games and so on. Over the years they have continued to improve the amenities.

But the biggest difference we noticed was that the trees had grown so much bigger and plentiful. It is a magic place.

Not only do you have the woods, but the many walks and several streams chattering through the undergrowth.

Helio Carinthia is still largely a camping and caravanning place, though they have some dozen bungalows to rent. They have room for 50 tents and 30 caravans. Incidentally they must be one of the last resorts in Austria to exclude both single men and single women. Or perhaps the INF guide is mistaken. Some other resorts still appear to exclude single men, but generally single women are welcome. Perhaps it is time for clubs to review their rules. After all in these days equality is all the thing.

When we left Helio Carinthia it was with the certain knowledge that when it comes to nature, very little changes over a quarter of a century. After all, no one is going to move those mountains!

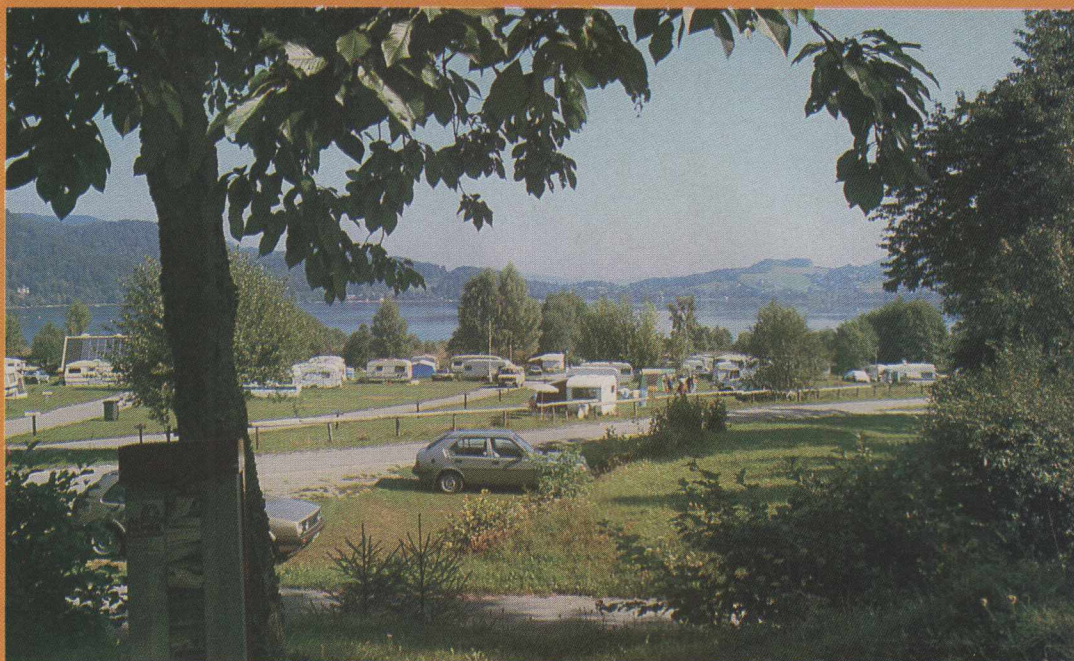
For further information (in German) write to: Helio-Carinthia Naturistenpark, A-9861 Eisentratzen, Austria.

#### Dobein

Dobein is one of the oldest and most popular of Austrian naturist resorts.

Franz Sabotnik who runs Dobein is a charming man who makes excellent apple strudel. He and his resort have evolved during the many years since it was first founded.

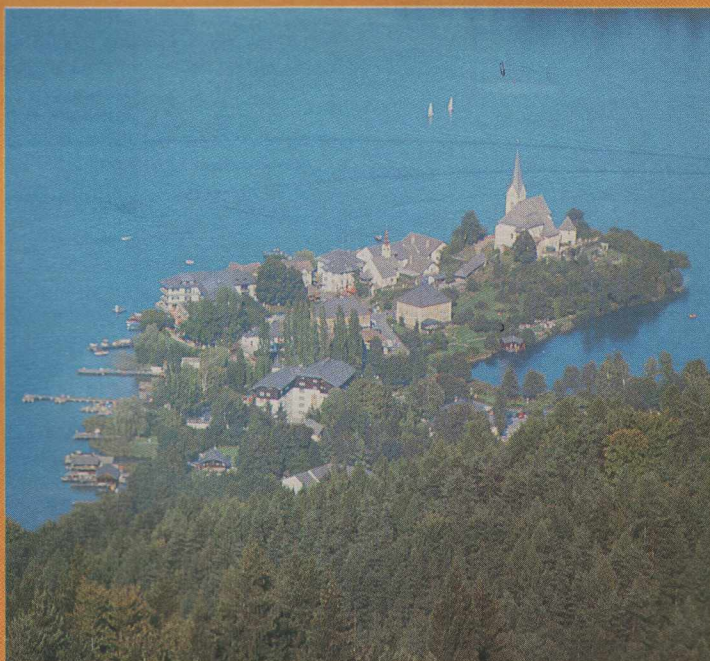
Dobein occupies a largish area of ground rising up from the southern shore of the Keutschacher See. In another part of this supplement we have de-



The well-facilitated and established Dobein resort.



A new addition – Rutar Lidor.



The Worther See in Maria-Worth.

scribed how to get there.

Dobein is essentially a large field devoted mainly to camping and caravanning. It has all the facilities you could wish for, except perhaps shade. There are few trees in the open camping area. Trees exist but they are mainly towards the back of the camp.

The camp itself fronts onto the water of the lake, but you can't just wander straight into the water. Thick reeds run round most of the shore line. But there are access points where the owners have built jetties out into the water. This is just as well as the edges are rather muddy.

Over the years Dobein has developed a lot of facilities. There is a childrens' playground, excellent ablutions and even accommodation providing around 30 beds.

When we were there in September, the mornings were sometimes misty and before the sun came up a little chilly. Visitors could be seen going about their early morning chores fully dressed. But soon the sun came out from behind the mist and as it came so off came the clothes.

The access road really ends here at Dobein, but a path leads through the camp and on to some smaller private clubs.

It was with some amusement that one morning we saw about 30 elderly walkers complete with hiking boots and walking sticks parading through the top of the camping site. They were not the least put out by the many nudes around them.

The point is that if you follow this path right through the camp you come to a beautiful walk that continues on and on through the woods and beside the waters of the lake.

It is along this walk that you will come to several other naturist clearings. I think it best to call them clearings because they are tiny when compared with Dobein and other resorts which specialise





**Austria has plenty of good naturist facilities – they just like to keep quiet about them.**

in tourist accommodation.

They are definitely not geared to taking holiday visitors. Obviously they are there for the use of their members only. We did wander into one of them but found little to report. They have the basic accommodation that most private clubs build. Beyond that nothing for the tourist.

This is a point that is sometimes missed by a casual reading of some naturist guides. For instance the INF guide is certainly one of the best if not the very best in the world. But it lists all the clubs and resorts affiliated to the international naturist federation. You have to read it carefully. Not all of them by any means welcome visitors. The clue is to look at how many 'visitor' places they contain.

A place like Dobein for instance listing 800 camping places undifferentiated between members and visitors is obviously a tourist resort. Another nearby entry indicated a naturist area with the camping symbol but no numbers given. You can be pretty sure this latter is not geared up to take holiday visitors.

But back to Dobein. Keutschach Information office is very proud of the development including the neighbouring resort Mullerhof.

They told us that if we wanted to get a good look at the two of them we should pay a visit to the Pyramidenkogel, where all would be revealed.

They then produced a small brochure which showed a most remarkable structure stuck on the top of the highest hill hereabouts. It is a single concrete post containing a lift and terminating in platforms hundreds of feet above the land below.

You drive up and up the mountain, find a parking space if you are lucky and walk to the foot of this huge tower. For about 20 Austrian Schillings the lift takes you to the top and then you have a fantastic view over all the surrounding countryside.

#### **Mullerhof**

The textile camp is now naturist and goes under the name of Mullerhof. It too is a largish resort and open to visitors. It has some 380 camping places and they make no distinction between visitors and members camping places. It is difficult to say anything particular about Mullerhof because if it weren't for the stream and the fence it could be just a continuation of its neighbour Dobein.

Again some rooms are available with bed and breakfast. There are the usual ablutions block and all the usual amenities.

And of course it shares the same lakeside. Access to the water is slightly different to that next door and in some ways it seemed to me that it would provide a safer access for children.

Personally I feel sure that no matter which camp you stayed in you could enjoy the facilities of the other. After all if you are neighbours and you wear no clothes who is to know exactly where you reside?

The main difference it seemed to me was that Mullerhof was less crowded and open on one boundary to the fields beyond whereas Dobein was more enclosed.

However there was so little physical difference that I imagine it would make little difference which you stayed in. Except for one thing – and that can be very important.

At Dobein the owner was exceptionally hospitable and kind to us. He invited us into his home and plied us with food. The hospitality was wonderful.

Next door we were given a couple of pamphlets and told that if we wanted any pictures we should try the local information office. We did but we got nothing.

#### **Vols**

I'm including the small club at Vols as an exception to the general rule of leaving out those clubs which are not specifically geared to attracting the holiday visitor.

Vols is practically a suburb of Innsbruck and is practically alongside the Innsbruck airport.

So if you happen to fly into Innsbruck and need somewhere to park your tent for a few days, Vols might be just what you are

looking for.

But note you will need a tent or caravan. When we were there in the summer of 1986 the club at Vols had ceased to provide rooms.

To reach the club you leave the airport and turn left at the first major junction – that is just a few hundred metres after leaving the airfield. You turn left again and are soon onto the major highway. Almost immediately you will see the well signposted turn-off to Vols village.

From here you will have to ask the way. And even then you might get it wrong. Apparently the club used one entrance road for a long time but now this has been changed. I can only say that you have to proceed west out of the town on the minor road keeping the rail on your right. Once past the petrol station you take the next turn on your left and soon find yourself behind a housing estate. Along here you will find the unsignposted entrance.

Vols has an area of only about half a hectare. But within that limitation they have done wonders and use every bit of the land to the maximum advantage. They can only take about five visitor's tents and since visitors return year after year from as far away as Holland, you have to be lucky to get a space. At the moment they are slightly enlarging the area available by pushing out one of the boundary fences.

They have a nice pavilion with snack bar etc. A fine swimming pool raised above the ground and an excellent if small ablutions block. Above all they are really friendly.

If you think of going you must let them know. The address is LfL Innsbruck, Postfach 17, 6022 Innsbruck, Austria.

#### **Rabnitzbachgelande**

Rabnitzbachgelande is another country club situated about 10 kilometres north east of Graz. It is set in a rich agricultural valley with gentle hills and farm land all around.

It is about 7 hectares in area and has room for about 10 visitors' tents of 25 caravans. There are also available three or four beds and bungalows making up a total of some 12 beds in these. There are all the usual amenities including a pleasant swimming pool and children's paddler.

It takes about fifteen minutes from Graz to get to the club. They have two sunbathing meadows, two sports fields, family tennis and volley ball fields, a pond surrounded by woods, playgrounds, ping pong, swimming pool, canteen with sun terrace party cottage with charcoal grill, modern sanitation. Visitors are always welcome. You can write for more information to: Rabnitzbachgelande, A-8010 Graz, Elzabethstr. 23, Austria.

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movement – they just come for scenery, weather and company.

language obviously. Bilateral airline agreements have also rendered travel between Quebec and Guadeloupe very attractive. The moral support and generous publicity rendered by FQN and 'Au naturel', toward Jean Rocquemont and his herculean effort on behalf of naturism in Guadeloupe, has been heart warming and very much appreciated by the Colonel. The large numbers of French Canadians coming here have established close personal and organizational relations to Jean Rocquemont.

Although metropolitan Frenchmen, and other Europeans, have come in increasing numbers, too, their ties to Rocquemont have been purely personal. He works incessantly for all visitors, guiding them, helping them with information, aiding them in keeping the beach clean, protecting their naturist rights locally, and doing all the heavy work for FFN. When he needs help, legally or organizationally, FFN lends a







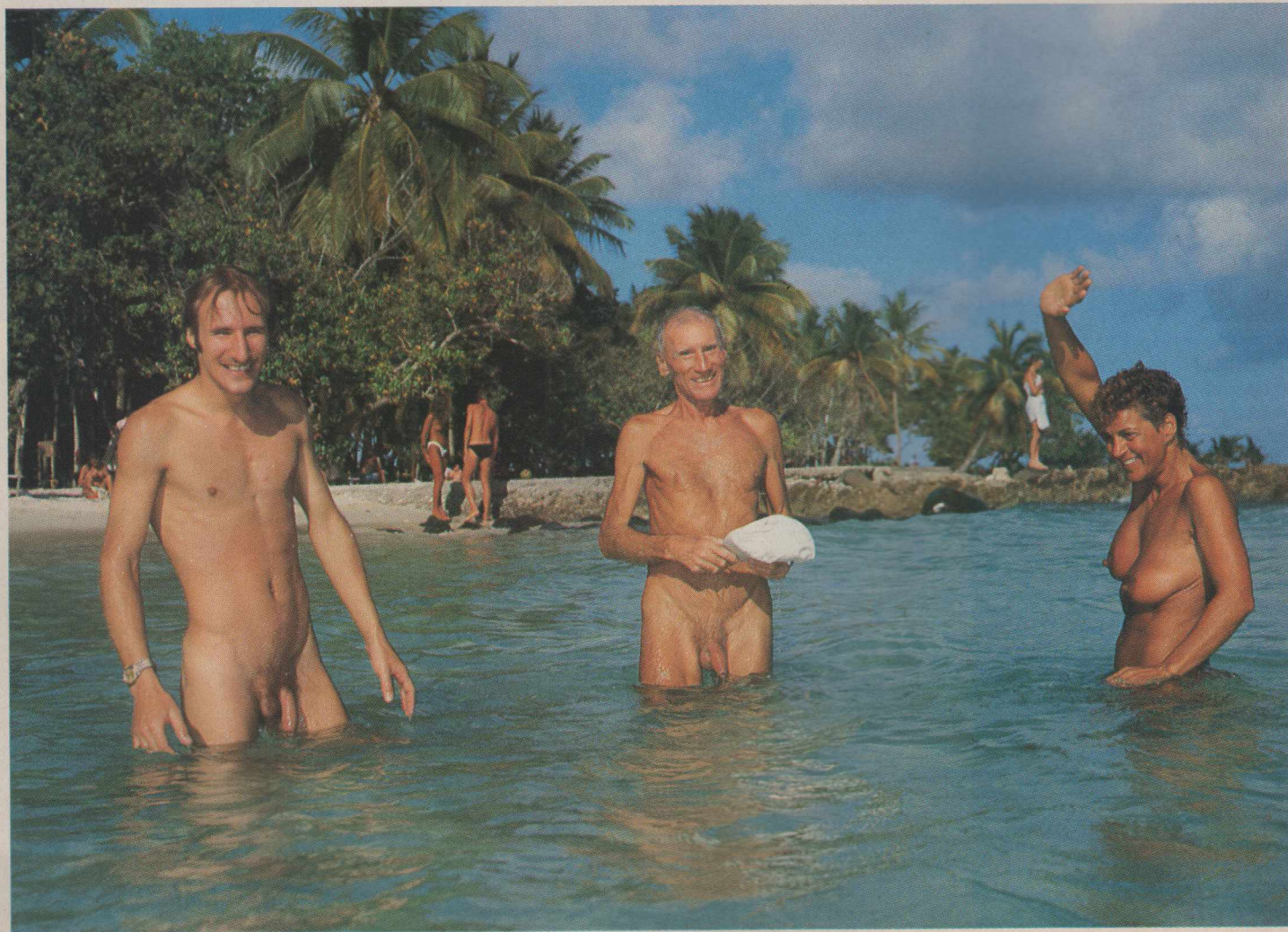
deaf ear, usually, and only a handful of locals stand by him.

Again, foreigners have generally done more. When Leif Heilberg came for a second visit in 1983, after fifteen years, his article about naturism in Guadeloupe was published in H & E, both in their English, their French, and in their German editions.

Naturists from North America, Europe, and elsewhere still stream to warm and sunny Guadeloupe, enjoy the beaches, the food, wine, tropical atmosphere, French ambience, and the personal assistance of Jean Rocquemont. He can be reached at La Barrière de Corail, Durivage, F-97180 Ste. Anne, Guadeloupe, Lesser Antilles (French West Indies); phone (596) 88-20-03. Or write to him at the address of the local naturist organization: M. Jean Rocquemont, Angecepert, BP 1152, F-97182 Ponte à Pitre Cedex, Guadeloupe, FWI, Lesser Antilles.

Anyway, one of the best and most inexpensive ways to stay in Guadeloupe, and within 200 ft. of the best naturist beach of the island, is at La Barrière de Corail. It is a 7 francs bus ride (45 minutes) from Pointe à Pitre (2 francs bus ride from airport to city), or twenty-odd dollars by taxi.

Actually, La Barrière de Corail does have a few real motel-like rooms for rent, but all the other 20-odd units are divided cottages, complete housekeeping units with bedroom/living room, toilet, bathroom (shower) with hot and cold water, kitchen fully equipped, and





veranda with table and chairs. One really can't call the units luxurious as they are rather basic, but they are clean and practical, spacious enough for a couple with children, and very convenient. As the electricity is 220 volts like on the continent and most anywhere else, do bring a travel converter if you come from a 110 volt country and have brought a shaver, hair curler, or other electrical devices.

The price is right, 220 francs per night for a couple, which is around \$32.00 US at this time. To get groceries, there is a leisurely ten minutes walk into the town of Ste. Anne which adjoins the property.

Next to La Barrière de Corail is another motel, 'Rotabas', with somewhat higher standards of luxury and equally higher prices, with no kitchens in the units but with a restaurant on the premises. If you don't want to make your own food, want luxury (but in smaller rooms), and don't mind the higher price, this is where to go.

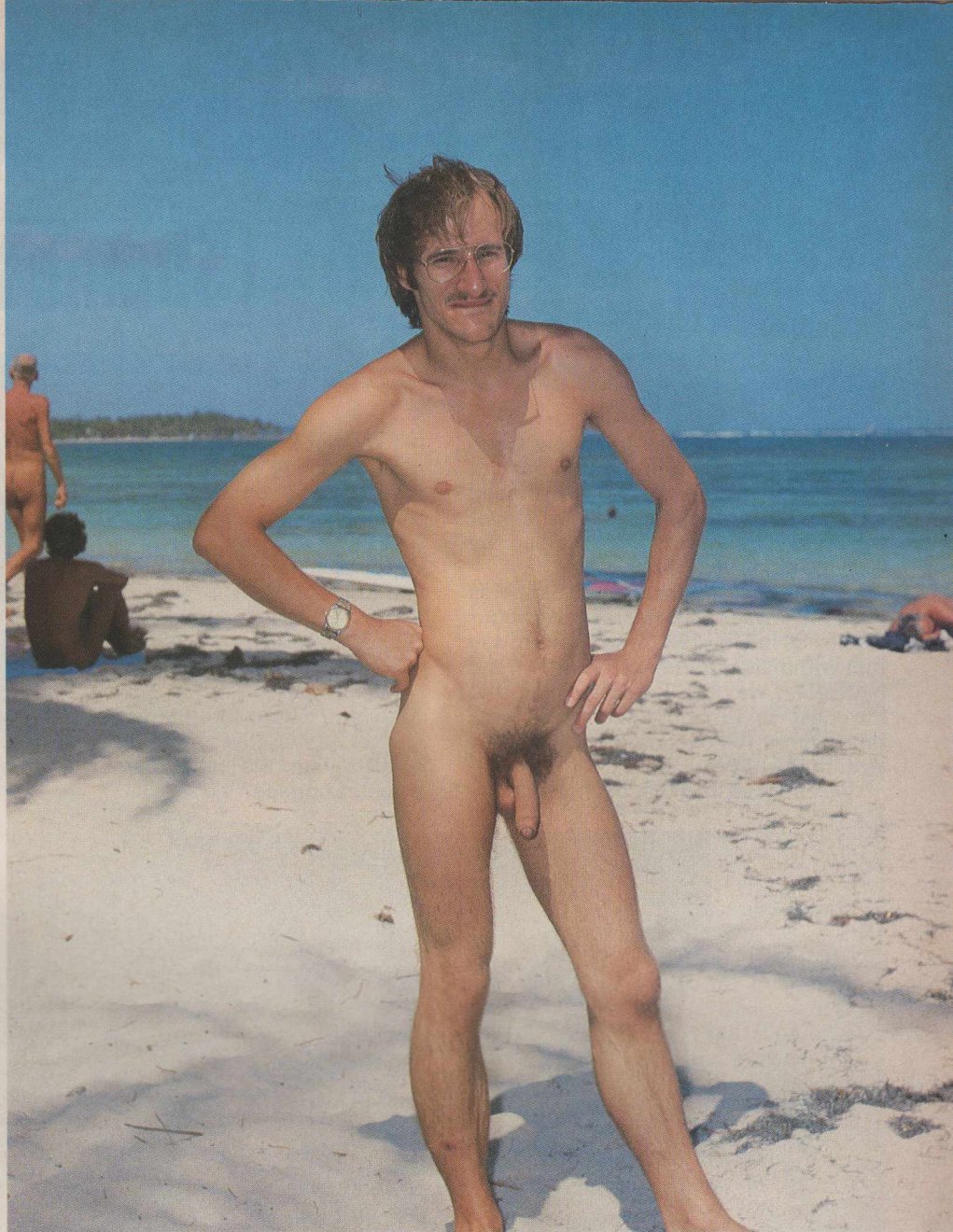
Then, beyond Rotabas you find the nude beach after crossing an access road where two snack bars are located. Inland from the nude beach is the hotel Caravelle which has been leased by Club Med for a good many years now. Club Med costs even more than Rotabas, so you have the privilege of paying through the nose for being right at the nude beach.

Across the main road (N4) from Rotabas is another place, Motel de Ste. Anne, with moderate prices and OK accommodations, and a restaurant attached. It is a five minute walk from there to the nude beach.

In other words, nobody needs to go far to have the best of all possible worlds. For eating out, Ste. Anne abounds with small Creole restaurants along the coastal road (off N4), and if you have rented a car (around a dozen different car rental companies at the airport of Raizet, and from around \$25.00 US per day), you can go farther afield in no time at all.

Just past Caravelle is another motel and restaurant with swimming pool and a small private nude beach. 'Toubana' is the name, and it has a high standard of comfort and luxury, and the motel rooms are fully equipped housekeeping units with kitchen, etc., and prices to match, i.e. somewhat more than at Rotabas but much less than at Club Med.

At Club Med itself there is a hypocrisy of sorts. Large posters with bare breasted young women have been used to advertise the club, and endless guests enjoy both toplessness and complete nudity on liberal beaches adjoining any Club Med. However, some 'chefs de village', i.e. managers of local Club Meds, take it upon themselves to order extra-legal activities like cutting down trees planted by the forestry department, persecute the local nudist activists who insist on beach rights (all French beaches are, essentially, public), and even call the cops with phoney accusations. These managers are rotated every so often, so it doesn't remain an evil force in permanence in any one place. But at Caravelle, during the last few months, the guests have been told that



nudity on the beach, which they will see plenty of, could cost them a 500 francs fine. What they don't say is that, it is the Club Med itself that would call the gendarmes to issue citations. Hypocritical, to say the least!

As Colonel Rocquemont is the main activist here, is an ardent ecologist, and is the one who called the department of forestry when Club Med started cutting down trees, he is a thorn in the side of Club Med Caravelle which wants to make the nude beach its own private reserve, excluding locals and other tourists who want to use the beach as is their right. They called the cops one day, accused Rocquemont of outraging public decency by nudity – although hundreds of others also were nude on the beach – and had him cited individually. Persecution of Rocquemont continues, and a foundation for his legal defence should be established, to set a precedence and firmly get nudism accepted with a basis at law.

At Pointe Tarare, the original nude beach from 1964, there is now a large loyal following, particularly on weekends, naturally, when all the locals are off work. This beach is located 26 kilometres beyond Ste. Anne, and is

now fairly easy of access. There is a parking lot at the end of an enlarged access road, a snackbar at the parking lot, and only a two minutes easy walk down to the nude beach.

There have been many problems and rifts associated with the naturist movement but naturist visitors will rarely be aware of all the intricacies of the local movement, and that is probably for the best. They come to enjoy their vacation among friendly and congenial fellow naturists, locals as well as tourists, and Guadeloupe offers plenty of that. The green scenery, blue sky, turquoise water, fine sand beaches, Creole and French cuisine, and friendly company combine to ensure a successful vacation.

With terrorists blowing up planes, machine gunning civilians at airports, bombing restaurants, and kidnapping in Europe and the Middle East, the Caribbean offers a safe haven for tourists wishing to have a good time with no danger to life and limb. Jamaica is fine, St. Martin (Club Orient) is better, and Guadeloupe is definitely the best. If you spend time in the Caribbean, try all these places in their naturist contexts, and you will probably agree with this writer.



# ALONISSOS-LOVELY SCENERY (Shame about the rest)

**A**NYONE who tries to follow Gene Kelly at singing in the rain has got to know his business very well indeed or else he is going to lose whatever reputation he might have gained by copying somebody else.

I left the superb island called Skopelos to spend a week at its nearest neighbour Alonissos in May 1986, and I have to say that within 30 minutes of getting off the hydrofoil I was beginning to think that the best thing about Alonissos was going to be the cheque from H & E for writing about the place.

I was booked in at that big hotel up the

hill overlooking the harbour, and my tour company had said, 'If the hotel minibus is not on the jetty, all you have to do is to see our agents IKOS Travel who have their offices within 50 yards of where the boats arrive.' This agency was extremely helpful all through my visit and they rang the hotel who promised to send the minibus immediately. Ikos rang twice more and eventually were able to say that the bus was on the way to the baker and would 'look in for me'.

After 30 minutes the old Volkswagen arrived with the hotel owner at the wheel. 'Luggage?' he says.

'Yes – one case over there where the hydrofoil arrived.'

'Go and get it then.' Charming, with the temperature already round about 33 degrees Celsius.

When I had fagged the mountain to Mahomet the VW moved about 50 yards and stopped at the minimarket. I was left to boil for another 20 minutes inside a vehicle whose doors and windows would no longer open from the inside. Not a good start, and believe me Mr Galaxy, first impressions are the deepest.

Anyway – where is this island? On your maps of Greece immediately north of Athens you will find the large island called Evia. Look north again and you will see the North Sporades group comprising Skiathos, Skopelos, Alonissos, Skyros and a lot of small islets. Keep up your standing order for H & E because we are going to report on as many of these as the old bag of bones can get to. Some of them are superb.

The clue for getting there is Gatwick to Skiathos (3½ hours direct flight) followed by 1½ hours in the hydrofoil calling at Skopelos on the way.

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**'You will not starve or be short of the odd aspirin.'**

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I had been looking forward to Alonissos because several tour companies get enthusiastic about 'the marvellous beach at Marpounta where the sun reaches all your important little places'. So, having finally arrived at the hotel and been instructed where to carry my luggage, I asked the French receptionist about nudism at this place Marpounta.

'There is none of that sort of thing on this island.'

Walk down the hill, Williams, back to Ikos Travel and that nice fellow with the beard. Perhaps he knows the form or can fix an appointment with the tourist police.

'Yes, of course there is nudism on several of the beaches. Look here they are on the map, but if you still want to discuss it with the police let us go and have a coffee with that man over there at the taverna. He is in charge.'

'Yes – there is some nudism at Mourtia Beach near Marpounta and also at KokkinoKastro Beach and a few other more isolated places. It is quite some time now since anyone was prosecuted.' Presumably the police told me the facts



Edward Williams, with the balcony to himself.



**There are so many Greek islands to choose from you can afford to be fussy. Whilst Alonissus does have some beautiful views, and some faithful fans, Edward Williams was not overstruck with some of the manners!**



Steni Valos, Alonissus.



View of Alonissus.



Kokkinokastro ('KK') Beach.

and Madame Pompadour told me what she felt about it, or more likely what the Ayatolla had told her to say.

Before I talk about the ghastly evening meal (if I can be bothered that is) which none of the other guests attended, let us talk about the island generally.

There is no denying it is a beautiful island with plenty of pine forest up in the hills and some of the scenery is impressive. The local population of about 1,600 live mainly around the port and the rest of the 62 square kilometres has so few that reasonable roads are unnecessary. In season there are plenty of boats to get you to the beaches but there are no public buses and only one taxi. Changing travel cheques is no problem; general and medical supplies are to hand and from May till October there are plenty of restaurants, tavernas, apartments and so on. You will not starve or be short of the odd aspirin but be advised – if on your first evening you find a really good place to eat with the usual Greek hospitality and friendliness you stick to it because some of the others need a good kick in the teeth. The island seems to be divided into those who cannot do enough to make the tourists happy and those who set out to be deliberately rude. There are also what I would call some pretty sharp practices.

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**‘If you still want to discuss it with the police let us go and have a coffee with that man over there at the taverna – he’s in charge.’**

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For instance, I had paid (two months in advance) a Single Room Supplement which was described on the account as ‘Sole Occupancy of twin room’. This is rubbish and it was easy for the hotel because the tour operators had no representative of their own to check on them. I had a tiny room, scarcely bigger than the bed itself and the ‘large balcony’ was in fact shared with four other rooms. This is nothing short of misrepresentation and it is not the fault of the tour operator. In the morning, the owner was too busy in the dining room screaming at the French lady who had miscounted the cups of coffee already served. I wouldn’t have thought it part of a receptionist’s duties anyway and none of us wanted to hear a domestic squabble. Perhaps the owner should spend a week at the Hotel Amalia in Skopelos



and learn how to run a business properly.

A few people I spoke to really liked Alonissos and said they never went anywhere else, but I report what happens to me and I don't go round looking for trouble, or favours either, for that matter.

Come on – let's go out – I am getting cross with this hotel. Perhaps take the taxi to the top of the hill?

### Alonissos Village

When you get off the hydrofoil you are certainly on the island of Alonissos but not in Alonissos Village. You are in Patatiri. Alonissos is at the top of the hill and it was almost completely destroyed in the earthquake of 1965. After twenty years some of the ruined properties are being repaired and sold off as holiday homes, mainly to German clients. Eventually it will become a sort of expatriate village, but it has a long way to go yet. Nudism, as we all know, follows the German people around and without question it happens near Marpounta on the beaches Megalos and Mikros Mourtia, Vythisima and Gialia. My splendid contact at Ikos Travel had already mentioned these and classed them as 'not all that inspiring as beaches go'. I could see some of the coast from the village and it did not seem worth the effort to slog along in the hot sun to look at them closely.

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**'I stripped off and thought that if someone didn't like it he could jolly well look the other way.'**

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Some days later I visited these beaches by boat and to be frank, my contact at Ikos had got it just about right. There were plenty of stones and rocks, but no shade and definitely not my idea of paradise but it might be all right for someone who had never been to a beach such as the Mylopotas in Ios or the Chryssi Akti in Paros.

Slumping into a taverna chair with a cold lager on my return, I found myself passing the time of day with an expatriate Canadian sea captain.

'If your hotel food is grisly, come up to where I live this evening.'

And so I did. You are not going to believe this but it's true. The food was super, the service polite and good, Popeye the sailor man was fair enough in small doses and the party grew and grew until at about midnight we had ten to twelve around the table with its bottles and glasses. One of these was a good looking American lady of some 35 summers. Suddenly she says, 'I am going down on to the breakwater to sing'. Well, of course, at that hour we all thought she had been on the high octane booze and let it wash over us.

Ten minutes later the powerful silvery tones of Bizet's 'Carmen' rang out as clear as a bell over the harbour. Just a professional opera star on holiday. You never can tell what might happen here and perhaps this is why the regulars



come back time after time. There has got to be some reason.

The next evening I walked out of one taverna because the owner started a fight with the next door taverna about where the dividing line for the outside chairs should be. Write and tell me if you think I am wrong, but sometimes I begin to think that I was the one who made off with old Banana Moussaka's Marbles.

Tomorrow let us take the boat to the end of the regular run and call in at all the stops.

### Votsi

This is the first stop and it is so near to Patitiri that it could almost be a suburb. There is a headland with flat rocks and a sprinkling of nudes but no sand, shade or cold drinks. Not worth risking a broken ankle clambering over the rocks.

### Chryssi Milia

This is the next stop. It is grit rather than sand with stones, rocks, no shade, overlooked by a few houses and most of the bucket and spade contingent seem to be getting off. Press on and talk to the boatman about an idea for altering the steering gear to make single-handed operation much easier. He liked it and promised me a free ride tomorrow, but of course it will never be done.

### KokkinoKastro ('KK' beach)

Just beyond the islet called Vrachos you call at the Red Castle beach. This looked more promising with some shade, but grit rather than sand in patches and the remainder is stony. There are no facilities so I shall have to bring my own supplies on the free trip tomorrow.

### Steni Valas

This is the end of the line and it is a small yacht station with a couple of tavernas providing good food and the usual yacht supplies, but the only possible beach is half a mile away over the headland.

On arrival here it turned out to be very stony and the few people there looked extremely uncomfortable. All were with bikini but by now I was so fed up that I stripped off and thought that if someone didn't like it he could jolly well look the other way.

One couple, about 100 yards away followed my example, but within the hour we had all had quite enough of the stones and were back at the taverna counting the minutes to the return journey.

If you use Steni Valas purely as an overnight yacht mooring you might think it a good spot but to stay any length of time could be rather dreary particularly as the taverna managers seem to adjust their politeness in accordance with how much money you spend.

I cannot bother you with details of more rudeness which I got later at Nina's on the seafront at Patatiri. Suffice it to say that Ikos Travel went and gave her a right dressing down, but pointed out that she did it quite frequently to tourists of all nationalities.

Something is very wrong with some of the resident population and I can only list a few facts which may have some bearing on it all.

Alonissos was occupied by the German forces during World War Two and there was some partisan activity against them mainly by Communist Party members. Perhaps there is resentment that present day Germany is so much richer than Greece.

The island became the headquarters of the Communist Uprising against the Greek Government and Winston Churchill did much to crush it.

The KKE vote is stronger here than in most other places and so perhaps there is resentment against the British.

Perhaps the Dutch come in for some resentment because they were also occupied but have recovered very much quicker.

Perhaps we all are resented because Alonissos has been unable to make enough out of tourism to finish the airport.

Who knows when politics cloud the issue all the time?

Eventually I found a splendid taverna – the one where you buy the boat tickets – and I stuck with this and KK beach until it was time to leave.

I certainly will not go back particularly as Skopelos the Magnificent is so near.





Lie back naked – turn a rock into a 'free beach'.



# EYE OF NEWT, CLAW OF BAT, what's in it for us?

**W**HILST there is still a general tendency for the ordinary member of the public to view herbalism as the 'Eye of newt, Claw of bat' school of medicine, and to assume that it went out with leeches and mustard poultices, the public are wrong. True, there are very few traditional herbalists left. Many made the fundamental trading error of diversifying into temperance catering during the late Victorian and Edwardian eras. The herbalist's more sensitive clients did not relish the prospect of patronising a shop also used by some of the most colourful characters in town and switched to conventional medicine.

The technical progress made by medical science up to the 1930s and

during the Second World War nearly killed off herbalism for good. The national newspapers covered the progress in some detail with the result that ordinary people became more knowledgeable than they had ever been before about the malaises affecting the human body, and about the remedies that science, rather than herbalism, had to offer. I should mention Salvarsan for syphilis, M & B's sulpha drugs and penicillin as perhaps the best examples.

The last straw as far as the surviving herbalists in the UK were concerned was the advent of the National Health Service in 1947. This was to provide free health care for all, regardless of income or social status. The poor old herbalist

was no longer needed and by 1960 they had nearly all gone, saving perhaps one in each large town or city who survived as a non-dispensing pharmacist. Somehow, the piles of face flannels, toothbrushes, beauty creams and toiletries kept the diehards going. Even though only one client in 100 might want to buy something from the ancient wooden boxes or glass jars lining an incompletely phased-out corner of the shop.

Their clients were mainly elderly, persisting with ancient remedies they had learned about from their parents at the end of the previous century. There were also a few clued-up customers who had sufficient knowledge and interest to prefer often gentle herbal cures to the dramatic onslaught from modern wonder drugs. In the years up to 1947, a visit to the herbalist was a matter of necessity for the poor customer who could not afford a doctor. After 1947, such visits were made as a matter of choice by the well-informed.

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**'It is easy to write off a pharmacist as little more than a glorified shopkeeper.'**

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In fact, up to 1947, herbalism was just one facet of a large range of alternative health treatments mainly used by the poor. In the years before the Industrial Revolution of the mid-Nineteenth century, most people had lived in the country rather than in cities. In rural areas 'healing' was often practised by women we would now dismiss as witches but in fact, these 'healing women' simply had a flair for tackling the frailties of the human body and preceded modern nurses. Other early rural medical skills were more highly specialised. 'Vetinars' preceded the modern veterinary surgeon and treated farm animals. 'Bonesetters' were the earlier form of orthopaedic surgeon and were reputed to be amazingly skilled – a handful are still at work in rural Ireland. But whatever their speciality, they all practised herbalism whilst the herbalist himself was generally rated top of the professional tree in those far off days before he was replaced by the modern pharmacist.

The esteem in which the modern pharmacist is held by the public comes nowhere near the respect and deference once accorded to herbalists. It is easy to write off a pharmacist as little more than

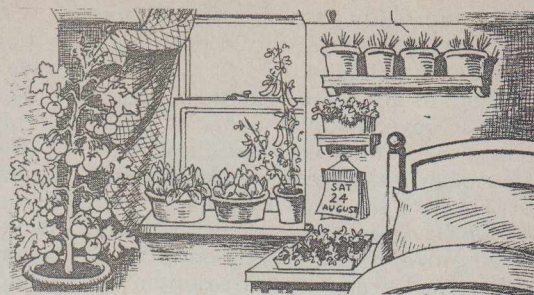


**'I don't know what it is, but I'm sure it'll do me good.'**



**Herbs are in at the moment – not only in our stews and sausages, but increasingly in our medicine. Of course, herbalism was a traditional method of curing the sick, before modern medicines knocked them for six – but now people are responding again towards older ideas – although sometimes the results can be rather strange.**

**By Michael Walsh.**



a glorified shopkeeper given that virtually everything he or she sells comes ready-packaged, requiring a minimum of skill to serve. Given sufficient literacy to turn the pages of Mimm's catalogue of medicines, mobility enough to vanish behind a partition from time to time and a minimum numeracy to count the money, anyone could have a good stab at the job. Which is why industrial chemists turn purple with rage when an innocent enquirer confuses their job with that of a pharmacist.

This is not how the pharmacists see themselves of course. They like to cling to the public's old image of the herbalist by adorning themselves in some of his trappings. It is rare to find a modern dispensary without some status-conferring relic of the days of the herbalist such as a large glass bottle full of coloured fluid, a pestle and mortar gathering dust on a shelf or even an antique pill rolling machine propping up a stack of paraaminobenzoic acid boxes.

There has been something of a campaign in the UK in recent years to improve the public image of the pharmacist by persuading the public to seek his opinion, instead of that of a medical doctor, concerning trivial ailments. There is something to be said for this in that it allows the patient to avoid making contact with the stridently venomous hags often employed as 'Medical receptionists'. The amazing stupidity and filthy manners of some of these women needs no amplification here and the remote urbanity of the pharmacist is indeed infinitely preferable. Some people have taken matters a step further and are seeking out a herbalist in such cases.

Dissatisfaction with the bedside manner of the doctor's receptionist is only part of the story. It varies from country to country ... the re-emergence of the herbalist is a global phenomenon ... but undoubtedly a major factor in the UK has been the running down of the National Health Service by Mrs. Thatcher's Conservative junta. The ordinary, unaffluent person is not convinced by protestations by Tory politicians that the NHS is not being run down.

Given the curious element of trade protectionism that seems to be built into the list of medicines available only from a pharmacist through a prescription, the modern herbalist seems to be doing quite well. Since the 1979 election, trade has boomed and there is now at least one herbalist on every market in the country. They have moved with the



**We still have a liking for old traditions.**



times and where possible, sell the same stuff that a medical doctor might prescribe – only cheaper.

Vitamins are a good example. People living in poverty sometimes have imbalanced diets and scurvy and rickets are said to be making a comeback. Vitamin C or D tablets are absurdly cheap from a herbalist. One harassed widow with three growing kids gives them a Vit. D tablet each every day for example – it costs her 99p a month.

Other herbal offerings are more mysterious and are bought following guidance from the man in the flat hat and brown dust coat. Herbal sleeping infusions, guaranteed non-addictive and 100% effective or your money back. Wheat Extract Capsules, cleans up mysterious skin rashes where antibiotics have failed.

It could be that all herbal remedies are bought by modern purchasers more in hope than expectation, and the quiet confidence of the typical Saturday market herbalist undoubtedly has a beneficial psychological effect. Not that medical science fights shy of pillaging the herbalist's stall if there is a fast buck to be made. Take bran tablets for example, quietly sold for over a century under various exotic names as an indigestion palliative. Admittedly their use had one very embarrassing side-effect but to a herbalist's clients, anything was worth trying before going under the knife.

Was I, I wonder, the only man in the world to so grievously misunderstand what was meant by the 'F' in the 'F Plan Diet Book?' I knew about the effects of bran tablets and their outrageously vulgar side-effect. I knew that the F-Plan diet encouraged the reader to eat a lot of things like bran. I therefore confidently put two and two together and assumed that F stood for Farting, the author having been a modest, retiring, inoffensive sort of person. I was wrong, it seems. The 'F' stands for 'Fibre'. Specifically, dietary fibre which does indeed aid digestion by, to be subtle for a minute, optimising the consistency of the motion in the colon. But it also makes you fart.

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**'I knew bloody well it had a problem, it were blowin' me hat off.'**

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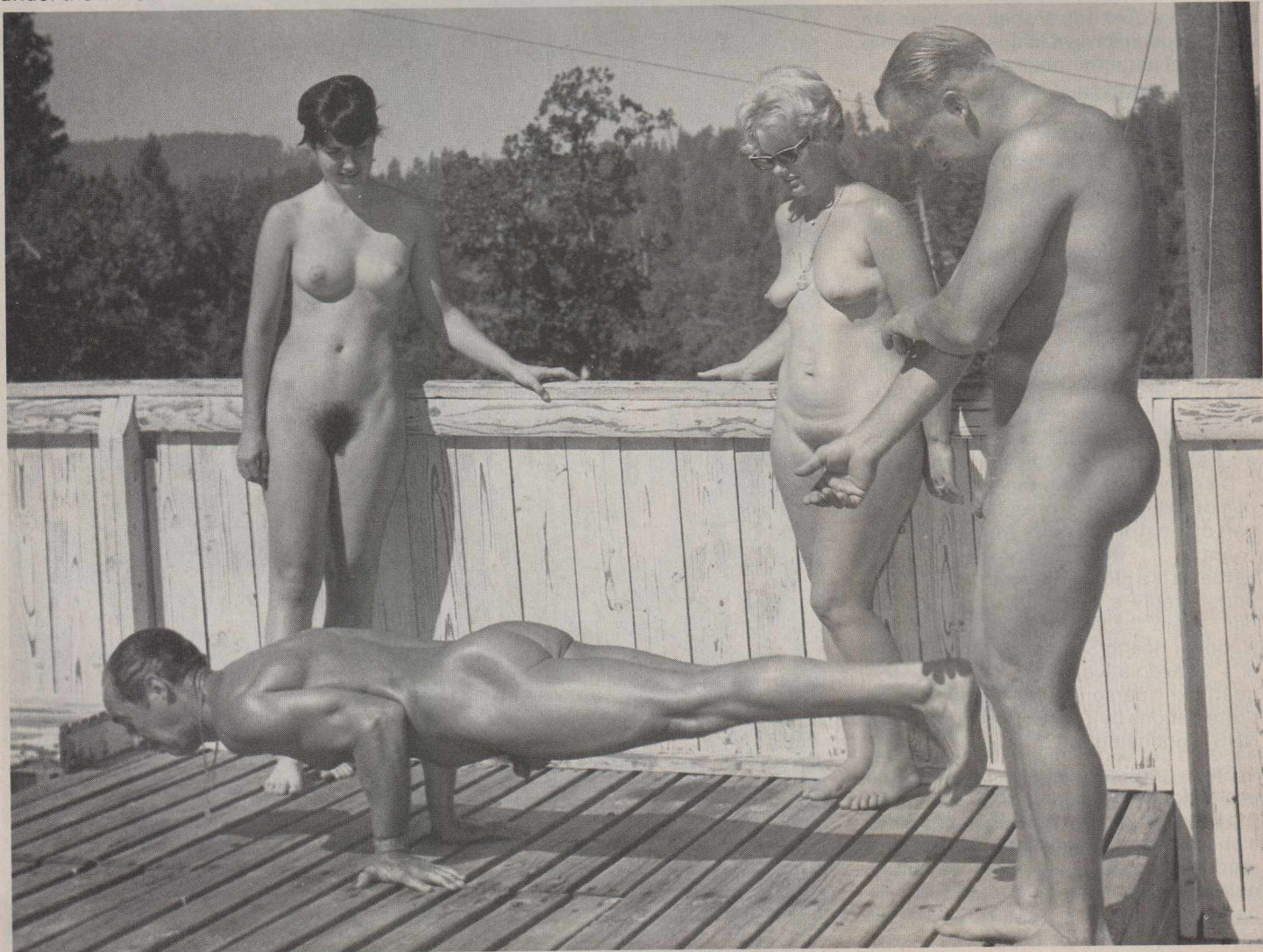
Incredibly perhaps, the conventional medicine vs. herbalism conflict has already looped the loop in that, industry having lifted bran off the herbalist's counter and re-packaged it as 'dietary fibre', those taking it are now starting to consult herbalists about a cure for the deeply unacceptable side effect. In the words of one flat hatted, dust coat wearing herbal practitioner:

'I had one here last week,' he said, 'In

his track suit and sweat band. He only had chance to say hello before he let one go. B-a-a-a-rrrrup . . . they were looking across from ladies' handbags. "I have this problem . . .", it says. I knew bloody well it had a problem, it were blowin' me hat off. "Phooooot . . . I wonder if . . . sorry about that . . . Phwiiip . . . you sell anything for wind?" The poor swine let another off before I could open me gob.

'I asked him a few questions and it seemed to me he were takin' an awful lot of roughage. Bran for his breakfast, brown wholemeal for his butties at lunch time, mushy peas with his dinner and some more stuff he got off the doctor before he went to bed. I advised him to lay off the bran flakes and mushy peas for a bit and gave him some *Acidophilus* to break the wind up. Not seen him since so I guess he's OK now. That or in orbit.'

If the recession lasts much longer, it seems that we could all be reverting to herbalism except in serious cases of illness. And from what I have seen of the caring service they give, the new generation of herbalists will deserve every penny of the boom in their industry. One herbalist swears he had a recent enquiry for leeches! It seems that someone has discovered that on biting the patient, the leech secretes something into the wound to stop the blood coagulating and this anti-coagulant has an application in modern conventional medicine. Come back, Eye Of Newt; all is forgiven!



**'Was it something he ate?'**



'Shopping' for food can  
take on a different style.





# YES, A NATURIST CAR PARK

**F**OR once in our lives we really cracked it that weekend. The forecast was good, the skies seemed to bear out the weatherman's interpretation of the omens (for a change), our calendar wasn't choc-a-bloc with fifteen other 'necessary' things to do, and the van seemed to be behaving itself. (Sorry, I maybe do our sturdy weekend home an injustice, it's fine in England, it just seems to be a Francophile, since whenever I take it across the Channel, it refuses to come home willingly, and has to be coaxed by breakdown trucks and friendly men in oil stained overalls. . . .)

In fact, the whole weekend promised to be so wonderful, that we hastily slung sleeping bags and odd tins of food into the cavernous interior, and decided to make an overnight stop of it. Mad excitement at this long overland trek setting in, off we went from our Essex

home into the wilds of . . . Essex. Don't knock it – its a bit like camping in the back garden when you're a kid – all the excitement and none of the worry.

The coasts of Essex have always attracted a good many day trippers and holiday makers. Southend probably used to score at the top of the visitors' table with its close proximity to London, but more recently, with the advent of the ordinary family owning a car, Clacton, though at a greater distance, has topped it. Clacton-on-Sea, and its surrounding villages, is easily accessible by train with reasonable beaches and many facilities for the holiday maker. Unlike Southend, it even attracted 'Butlins' sufficiently to have had a holiday camp there in previous years.

Around the town, other localities have benefited from the holiday makers who flock to the area, and vast complexes of

caravans and chalets have sprung up. So, for those who are used to veering off the beaten track, following grid references avidly and keeping their fingers crossed on finding that secluded naturist location, you're in for a shock. You can throw the map away.

After passing through the village of St. Osyth, follow the road through to the caravan sites and beaches. This simple direction may in fact be a pretty complicated manoeuvre if you drive anything larger than a bicycle, but if you find yourself caught in one of those Gordian knots at the crossroads, you could just give up, desert the car and visit the local Priory for a while. Meditate on your frustration, enjoy the beautiful surroundings, and return to your vehicle a better person. Anyway, the traffic might have dispersed itself by then! Trickiest part of the journey behind you after a





**St Osyth's is an official naturist beach in Essex. And as this is not a million miles away from where Diana Roseman lives, she decided to pay it a visit. Whilst it doesn't have the attractions of the French Riviera, you can't be that choosy in the UK. And there are some things to be gained...**



**Windbreaks are not just there for naturists to hide behind!**

couple of miles of charming leafy lane, in the best English tradition, you'll find yourself suddenly surprisingly confronted, in the worst English tradition, by the view of thousands upon thousands of holiday homes. Resist the temptation to retrace your steps, thinking this couldn't possibly be the right way to find a naturist beach, you've got it right this time! Painless so far – no brambles, no mile long walks from the car, no sheer cliff faces, no warning Trespass notices – almost too good to be true for the lazy naturist.

If you're not in a desperate hurry to finish the journey and rip your clothes off (most weekends in England, there's that air of mild panic, wondering if it's possible to reach the beach or club before the cloud...) stop off to pay a trip to the supermarket to stock up on a few goodies for your lunch, or dwell a while at the little café for good value in your

stomach before you continue. If you intend to walk the last bit, you'll be glad of it in a while...

With a modicum of luck, you'll be able to get an overnight emplacement for your caravan or motor home just before the sea wall. Ask in Hutley's Office just to the side of the car park lady's kiosk. But no tents (or dogs) allowed, so you'll have to try a little further afield at Leisureglades Touring site, Pump Hill, if your plans include struggling with reams of canvas other than your obligatory windbreak. I have no doubt, when you get to the naturist bit, you'll be bound to think it'd be a damn good idea just to pitch up there and do it all for free, but that's caused a lot of bother in years past, and we wouldn't want our nice beach taken away from us, now would we? So stick to the sites, please.

If you're stopping overnight at Hutleys, then you won't have to pay for the

car park fee, but otherwise, shell out your 50p to the delightful lady in the kiosk, and you will see in front of you a steep sea wall. Drive up it – I should add there is a gap in it, you're not expected to do a wall of death stunt – and turn sharp right. Then keep following the dirt track for around a mile. This can be a bit tricky if it's (a) wet or (b) dry. The first produces big gooey bits to get stuck in, and the second large patches of sand to get stuck in! Still, it's a good way to get to know a few people quickly, introduce yourself as they're pushing your car out of trouble. I'm sure they'll call on you to return the favour at some time or another, so don't feel guilty.

Nudists are notoriously bad at getting their names mixed up. Please note, if you drive as far as the Nature Reserve, you've gone too far. You're a naturist, not a naturalist, so unless you're particularly fond of being spied on with



binoculars, stick in the right bit! A sign is there to explain you may swim or sunbathe nude if you choose – I'm not sure whether eating sandwiches nude or talking to other people constitutes an infringement of this declaration, but I shouldn't worry about it!

In past years (the beach has been official for three or so years now) I did notice a preponderance of single men forming clumps in the sand dunes (in the nicest possible way!), but this year's visit has shown St. Osyth's to have gained its deserved recognition as a really good, convenient family beach. Where else can you park right up next to the beach with little difficulty? (Though if you park early, be prepared to stay late on occasions when you can't find the owner of the blasted car that hems you in.) There's sand on the beach, there's a tide that allows a sort of swim even at its lowest ebb, though it is typical English murk, and small dunes to get away from



Yes, there is a place to park!



And who should Diana run into but the Candy Club!



Make sure you stop off first to prepare your picnic.

the wind in. And lots of marshy wild land to wander about on (and occasionally in, if you take an unwary step . . .) I have even (ssshhhh) acquired a couple of plants from those that are abundant from the flora that's around. If the children are bored, they can wander back to the modern day amusements of the caravan parks. There's even bingo for granny.

And if you don't like the vision of a thousand cars, whether they contain nude people or not, while you're having your day out, don't worry. Drop over the dunes, and you're totally unable to see them from the beach.

Don't be put off en route by the brick and rubble strewn section of the beach that precedes the naturist area. All will improve shortly.

Wind breaks are a necessity on all bar the hottest days (when you'll be glad of their shade in any event) I used to think naturists used wind breaks to hide themselves from others – what a naive idiot I was!

There is a bit of a rubbish problem around. I seem to remember several litter bins being there one year – I suppose they got nicked, all that strips off is not totally honest . . . so it isn't a bad idea to follow part of the American Sunbathing Association's Code, which is, always to leave with more litter than you have made – in other words, let's all do our bit to tidy up after the thoughtless lot that muck it up! No-one likes to pick their way through broken glass and coke cans, there's still the semi-natural hazard of the occasional piece of war relic barbed wire or ship tar to cope with, so we don't need to create our own!

There's always plenty of folk to chat to on a good day. The tan you'll acquire, with the salt and the wind and the sun always seems deeper and longer lasting than those achieved in continental climes.

The only person I met with a grumble – and that wasn't serious – was a wind-surfer. It's a pity he said, that there isn't a bit more wind. . . .





**H&E – THE  
MAGAZINE THAT  
OUTSHINES  
THE REST**



## INTERNATIONAL NATURIST FEDERATION (INF)

St. Hubertusstraat 3, 2600 Berchem/  
Antwerpen, Belgium.

### ARGENTINA

**National Organisation:** Cristian Vogt, Av.  
Coronel Diaz 2277/11'E. 1425 Buenos  
Aires, Argentina.

### AUSTRALIA

**International Organisation:** Australian  
Nudist Federation, Mrs. Mary Weston,  
11 Cheltenham Street, Newcomb 3219,  
Australia.

**Adelaide Sunlovers Resort,** P.O. Box 160,  
Aldgate, S. Australia 5154.

**River Island Nature Retreat,** PO Box 456,  
Mittagong, NSW, Australia 2575.

**Sydney Social & Sun Group,** PO Box 285,  
Petersham, NSW, Australia 2049.

### AUSTRIA

**National Organisation:** De NV, Possinger-  
gasse 65, 1160 Wien.

### BELGIUM

**National Organisation:** Federation Belge  
de Naturisme, Clos du Chemin Creux  
4/13, 1030 Bruxelles.

**De Spar,** Volhardingstraat 67, B-2020  
Antwerpen.

**Helios,** P.O. Box 1185, B-1000 Bruxelles.

**Phoebus,** Rue de la Paix 44, Vredestraat  
44, B-1050 Bruxelles.

**Club Belvedere,** La Coul, 152, 4580  
Aubel.

**Le Perron,** P.O. Box 169, B-4000 Liege.

**Heidegouw,** P.O. Box 13, B-3500 Hasselt.

**Gravensteen,** P.O. Box 245, B-9000 Gent.

Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite  
40, B-4410 Vottem.

### BRAZIL

**National Organisation:** Ass. Naturista do  
Brasil, Caixa Postal 7550, 80.000 Curitiba.

### BRITAIN

**National Organisation:** Central Council  
for British Naturism (CCBN), Assurance  
House, 35-41 Hazelwood Road, North-  
ampton.

#### CLUBS (CCBN members)

**Adventurers Sun Club,** c/o J. D. Ayto, 110  
Birling Road, Snodland, Maidstone.  
Kent.

**Apollo Sun Club,** c/o 53 Sheppeys, Hay-  
wards Heath, Sussex.

**The Arcadians,** Greenglades, Blind Lane,  
Billericay, Essex.

**Ashdene,** c/o 14 Elm Avenue, Sowerby  
Bridge, West Yorks HX6 2HU.

**Aztecs Recreational and Sun Club,** Aztec  
Sun Park, Crawley, West Sussex.

**Blackthorns Sun Club,** c/o Ian Slater, 47  
Rosamund Road, Bedford.

**Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club  
and Holiday Centre,** Matchams Drive,  
Matchams, Ringwood, Hants.

**Brighton Sun Club,** Hamshaw, Sloop  
Lane, Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath,  
West Sussex.

**Bristol Solarians,** Tara, Mapleridge Road,  
Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.

**Broadland Sun Association Ltd.,** Brickle  
Road, Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.

**Charnwood Acres Country Club,** Mark-  
field Road, Ratby, Leicester.

**Far West Sun Club,** c/o The Moorings,  
Lower Middle Hill, Pensilva, Liskeard,  
Cornwall.

**Gardenia Sun Club,** Lye Lane, Bricket  
Wood, St. Albans, Herts.

# CLUB

**Greenacres Club,** Cornsay, Durham.

**Hastings Sun Club,** Hides, Westfield,  
Hastings, East Sussex.

**Invicta Sun Club,** The Firs, Forge Lane,  
Sutton, Dover, Kent.

**Lancashire Sun Society,** Hazel Grove,  
Sandy Lane, Rufford, Ormskirk, Lancs.

**Leicester Sun Group,** c/o 8 Redruth Close,  
Coventry.

**London Health and Sauna Club,** Seymour  
Hall, Seymour Place, London W1.

**New Forest Outdoor Club,** North Lodge,  
Hurn Road, Ringwood, Hants.

**Ribble Valley Sun Club,** Briarwood,  
Ribecheater Road, Clayton-le-Dale,  
Blackburn, Lancs.

**Scottish Outdoor Club,** 'Elstree',  
Inchmurrin Island, Balmaha, Glasgow  
G63 0JY.

**Sheplegh Court Naturist Hotel,** Black-  
awton, Totnes, Devon.

**South Hants Sun Society,** Stockers, North  
Boarhunt, Fareham, Hants.

**South Yorkshire Sun Club (S.Y.S.C.),** c/o  
Gallimanfry, Treswell Road, South  
Leventon, Nr Retford, Notts DN22 0BP.

**Spielplatz,** Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St.  
Albans, Herts. Tel: 0923 672126.

**Springwood Sun Club,** Cooks Hall Road,  
West Berholt, Colchester, Essex.

**Surrey Downs Club,** Membership Secre-  
tary, PO Box 75, Woking, Surrey GU22  
7XB.

**Valerian Sun Club,** c/o 'Lingwood', 33  
Atherley Road, Shanklin, I.O.W.

**White Rose Club,** Flaxton, York.

**Wrekin View Naturist Club,** Crin Cottage,  
Kenston, Market Drayton, Salop.

**Yorkshire Sun Society,** c/o 50 Wareham  
Close, Bransholme, Hull HU7 6AY.

#### RECREATIONAL CHARITY

**Naturist Foundation,** Naturist Headquar-  
ters, Orpington BR5 4ET, Orpington  
71200.

**Branches** (enjoy use of naturist Founda-  
tion Grounds):

Bexley Sun Society  
Bromley Sun Society  
Croydon Sun Society  
North London Sun Society  
South London Sun Society

#### OTHER CLUBS

**Berkshire Sun and Leisure,** Freeport,  
Bracknell RG12 1BR.

**Chester Naturist Club,** c/o 31 Market  
Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

**Eureka Club,** Mark Wilson, Manor Lane,  
Fawkham, Kent DA3 8ND.

**Fiveacres Country Club,** Bricket Wood,  
St. Albans.

**North Devon Club,** Beaworthy, Devon-  
shire.

**Sunfolk Society,** c/o 10 Pomfret Avenue,  
Hart Hill, Luton, Beds LU2 0JL.

**The Old Smithy,** Penyfeidr, Llandeloy,  
Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

**Torbay Sun Club,** Avian Nook, 7 Welles-  
ley Road, Torquay, Devon.

**Woodlands Club,** Fillongley, Coventry,  
West Midlands.

#### OFFICIAL BEACHES

**Ardeer Beach,** Ayrshire, Scotland. About  
one mile south of the town's main beach,  
separated by a promontory.

**Cleats Shore,** Lagg, Isle of Arran, Scot-  
land. At the southernmost tip of the  
island.

**Fraisthorpe Sands,** Bridlington, York-  
shire. Two miles south of main town  
beach.

**Guntton Sands,** Lowestoft, Suffolk. One  
mile north of Lowestoft, off B1385.

**Leydown East Beach,** Isle of Sheppey,  
Kent. Half a mile to the east of the town.

**Long Rock Beach,** Swalecliffe, Whitstable,  
Kent. Behind the recreation ground, a  
mile east of the main town beach.

**Fairlight Cove,** Hastings, Sussex. A good  
mile's walk to the east of Hastings.

**Brighton, East Beach,** Sussex. A short  
distance to the east of the main town  
promenade.

**Polgaver Beach,** St. Austell, Cornwall. At  
east end of Carlyn Bay.

### CANADA

**National Organisation:** The Western  
Canadian Sunbathing Association, P.O.  
Box 1113, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2K9.

**Toronto Helios Society,** RR1 Sharon,  
Ontario. Tel: (416) 473-2462.

**FQN,** 4545 Pierre-de-Coubertin, C.P.  
1000, Succ. M, Mtl, Que. H1V 3SW,  
Montreal, Quebec.

### DENMARK

**National Organisation:** Dansk Naturist  
Union (DNU), c/o Ella Pihl, Fuglebak-  
kevej 103, DK-2200 Copenhagen N,  
Denmark.

### FRANCE

**National Organisation:** Federation Fran-  
caise de Naturisme (FFN), 53 rue de la  
Chaussee d'Antin, Paris.

There are so many clubs in France (details  
from the above) that we are just listing the  
naturist holiday centres.

**Koad-ar-Roche,** 56820 Neant-sur-Yvel.

**La Herpinerie,** 49730 Montsoreau.

**Creuse Nature, Le Cheix,** 23600 Boussac-  
Bourg.

**Centre Helio-Marin,** 33930 Montalivet.

**Camp Naturist de Grayan, Euronat,**  
Grayan l'Hopital 33590.

**Club Quercy-Agenais Naturiste,** Rene  
Point, La Tuque, Belaye, 56140 Luzech.

**Centre Naturiste de Devese,** Bernard  
Lautier, 32380 St. Clair.

**Centre Naturiste de Montagne, 'Les Cla-  
pieres,'** 05100 Briancon.

**Alpes et Soleil,** 38650 Sinard.

**Domaine Naturiste International 'La  
Romegas,'** Mme Schillemans, 26170  
Buisles-Baronnies.

**Le Haut Chandelalaz, Y. and P. Boisgon-  
tier,** 06850 Brianconnet, St. Auban.

**Club du Soleil de Nice-Levens,** La Gor-  
hetta, 06720 Levens.

**Centre de Vacances de la Haute-Garduiere,**  
83830 Callas.

**Domaine Naturiste de Belezy,** 84410  
Bedoin.

**Plages des Templiers, M. Jacques Guer-  
rier, B.P. 22 Saint Ferreol,** 07700 Bourg-  
Saint-Andcol.

**Relais de la Conche,** Claude et Jeannine  
Bennotot, Saint Montan, 07220 Viviers.

**Le Ran du Chabrier,** Mme Meige, B. P.  
no. 1, 30430 Barjac.

**Ran du Chateau de Ferreyrolles,** 7 rue de  
la Republique, 30100 Ales.

**La Genese,** Mejjannes-le-Clap, 30710  
Saint-Jean-de-Maruejols.

**Les Bois de la Sabliere,** St. Privat-de-  
Champelos, 30430 Barjac.

**Centre Helio-Marin,** 34300 Agde.

**Gymno-club Mediterranee,** Serignan  
Nature, 34410 Serignan.

**Village du Bose,** Octon, 34800 Clermont-  
l'Heraut.

**Camping Saint Pierre,** 34150 Gignac.

**Centre Naturiste de Vacances,** Le  
Fiscalou, Puyelsi 81140, Castelnaud de  
Montmiral.

**Centre Helio-Marin, 'La Grande Cosse,'**  
Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude.

**Village Ulysse,** Port Leucate, 11370.

**Village Aphrodite,** Port Leucate 11370.

**Le Clapotis,** 11480 La Palme.

**Club du Soleil de Perpignan,** Dominique  
Martinez, 'Le Ventous', 66150 Arles-sur-  
Tech.

**Village Naturiste de Serralongue,** 66230  
Prats-de-Mollo.

#### IN CORSICA:

**Au Moulin et la Cascade Corse,** B.P. 36,  
20210 Porto-Vecchio.

**La Bagheera,** Anga Filippi, La Bagheera,  
La Guistiniana, 20230 San Nicolao  
Pietra-Di-Verde.

**Le Moulin,** 20210, Port-Vecchio.



Some clubs seem to attract active types!



# DIRECTORY

**We list the national organisations under each country. Write to them for further details enclosing stamps or international reply coupon.**

**Please note that the addresses printed are often for information only, not the actual address of the grounds:**

## GERMANY

**National Organisation:** Deutscher Verband für Freikörperkultur e.V. (DFK), Königstrasse 22, D-3000 Hannover 1.

We have listed only the larger sites - with room for 100 or more tents/caravans. For further details please write to the DFK, as above.

### CLUBS

**Familienferienzeltplatz Amrum**, 2278 Wittdün/Amrum.

**Strand Camping Wltnau**, 2000 Hamburg 63, Overn Barg 19.

**Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK)**, 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

**Eurocamping Zedano**, Reinhold Reshöft, 2435 Dahme Nord.

**Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung Bremen e.V. (DFK)**, 2800 Bremen 1, Postfach 106845.

**Naturistenbund Wilhelmshaven-Friesland e.V. (DFK)**, D-2940 Wilhelmshaven 1, Postfach 907.

**Sun Lüneburger Heide e.V. (DFK)**, D-2120 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

**Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. Hanover (DFK)**, D-3000 Hannover, Yorkstrasse 7.

**Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK)**, 33 Braunschweig, Postfach 1812.

**Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Hildesheim e.V. (DFK)**, D-3200 Hildesheim, Postfach 492.

**Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK)**, D-4800 Bielefeld 1, Postfach 5501.

**Naturistenbund Rheidt e.V. (DFK)**, Zedernstrasse 19, D-4050 Mönchengladbach.

**Orplid. Bund für Freikörperkultur und Familiensport e.V. Darmstadt (DFK)**, D-6100 Darmstadt-Arheilgen, Weiterstädter Strasse 150, Postfach 110861.

**Naturistenbund Trier e.V. (DFK)**, Christophstrasse 7, D-5500 Trier.

**Lichtbund Saar e.V. Sarbrücken (DFK)**, Postfach 973, D-6600 Saarbrücken.

**FKK-Familiensportbund Heilbronn e.V. (DFK)**, 71 Heilbronn Böckingen, Postfach 51.

**Lichtbund Karlsruhe e.V. (DFK)**, D-7500 Karlsruhe 1, Postfach 4103.

**Natursportbund Schwäbischer Wald e.V. (DFK)**, D-7157 Murrhardt-Kirchenskirnberg-Feriengelande Schönrain.

**Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Stuttgart e.V. (DFK)**, D-7000 Stuttgart 1, Postfach 66.

**BfL Sonnländ e.V. (DFK)**, 78 Freiburg, Dreikönigstrasse 1.

**Drei-Länder-Eck**, Postfach 105, D-7808 Waldkirch.

**Verein der Saunafreunde e.V. (DFK)**, D-1000 Berlin 19, Rognitzstrasse 8.

## GREECE

**National Organisation:** Hellenic Naturist Federation - Secretariat 6, Filomilas Str., GR 145 65 EKALI, Greece.

## HOLLAND

**National Organisation:** Nederlandse Federatie van Naturistenverenigingen (NFN), Postbus 783, 3500 At Utrecht. Visiting address: 20 Janskerhof, Utrecht. Tel. (030) 328810.

There is a special division of NFN where one can obtain information, brochures and entrance conditions of the affiliated naturist clubs: Commissie Voorlichting NFN, P.O. Box 103, 2700 AC Zoetermeer, Holland.

There are no obstacles in Holland for singles (male and female) for visiting the club grounds or for becoming a member of the NFN-affiliated naturist clubs.

## IRELAND

There is a naturist group in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and another in Dublin, Irish Republic.

For details write to Irish Naturist Association, P.O. Box 1077, Churchtown, Dublin 14.

**Club Aquarius & Naturist Information Centre**, Both at 78 Francis Street, Dublin 8.

**Cork Naturist Club**, PO Box 6, Middleton, Co. Cork.

**Northern Outdoor Association**, P.O. Box 10, Bangor, Co. Down BT19 1UX.

## ITALY

Two National Associations in Italy. They are:

**Associazione Naturista Italiana (ANITA)**, Via N. Bixio, 32, I-20129 Milano.

**Unione Naturisti Italiani (UNI)**, Castella Postale 185, I-10100 Torino.

**FeNalt**, Giuseppe Ghirardelli, Via Ciro Menotti 31-3 I-20129 Milano, Italy.

## IVORY COAST

**National Organisation:** FIN, Club de Soleil d'Abidjan, II Boite postale 1218, Abidjan II, Cote d'Ivoire.

## LUXEMBOURG

**National Organisation:** LNL, BP 1626, 1016 Luxembourg 1.

## MOROCCO

**SCI Le Soleil**, c/o Lt. Col. Landrin, 15 rue des Tuileries, Casablanca, Morocco.

## NEW ZEALAND

**New Zealand Naturist Federation**, P.O. Box 957, Auckland, New Zealand.

## NORWAY

**National Organisation:** Norsk Naturistforbund (NNF), Postboks 189, Sentrum-10102 Oslo 1, Norway.

## PORTUGAL

**National Organisation:** Federacao Portuguesa de Naturismo, Apartado 3232, 1306 Lisbon.

## SOUTH AFRICA

**National Organisation:** SANFED, c/o Beau Valley CC, P.O. Box 326 Warubhaths 0480, South Africa.

## SPAIN

**National Organisation:** Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel del Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria.

**Club Catala de Naturisme**, c/o Diputacio 239, 2n pis, Barcelona (7).

## SWEDEN

**National Organisation:** Sveriges Naturist Förbund (SNF), Box 4279, S-20314, Malmö.

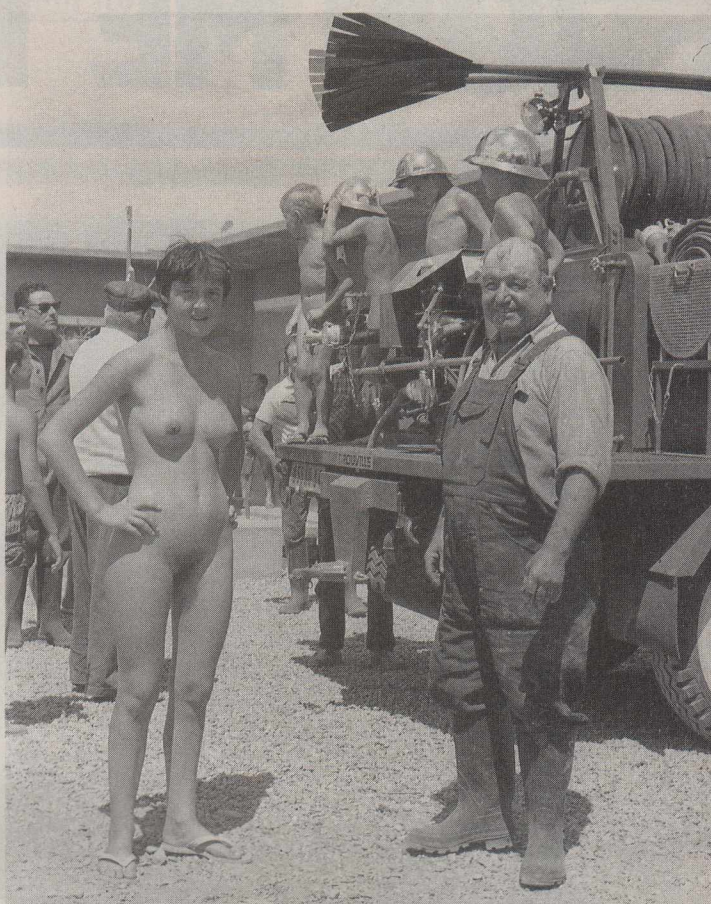
## SWITZERLAND

**UNS, Secretary:** Adolf Rebsamen, Honeggweg 6, P.O. Box 85, CH 3138 Uetendorf.

## USA

**Two National Organisations:** American Sunbathing Association, Inc., 1703-E North Main Street, Kissimmee, FL 32743, USA.

**National Nudist Council**, POB 953, Hightstown, NJ 08520, USA.



**A natural liking for the bizarre?**

## CONTACT ORGANISATIONS

**Network International Coordinators**, 55 Broadsands Drive, Alverstoke, Hants, Gosport, Hants. PO12 2SB.

Run for the benefit of all naturists who are interested in other people and their way of life. Accepting bona fide naturist couples and ladies, at present to expand world members list.

## NATURIST GUIDEBOOKS

The following are particularly useful:

**Free Sun** by Phil Vallack. £5 mail order from Phil Vallack, 16 Viewbank, Hastings, Sussex.

**Naturist Guide-book**, £3.50 mail order from Coast & Country Publications, 3 Mayfield Avenue, Scarborough, North Yorkshire. YO12 6DF.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

**WORLDWIDE NEWSLETTER.** The latest from the Naturist Front. Only \$4.00 a year. U.S.A. For information write to Postbox 281 Waddinxveen, Holland.

**Costa Natura** apartment to rent, sleeps 4. Two balconies, £135 per week. U.K. owner. Tel: 01049-511602921, evenings and weekends.

## BRITAIN'S MOST EXTENSIVE NATURIST FACILITIES are provided by THE NATURIST FOUNDATION

which is registered as a National Recreational Charity:  
All-year-round enjoyment for people in and around Greater London (priority to young people and families).  
Holiday sites for campers and caravanners living further afield.  
ALL are invited to subscribe in support of our general work for the public benefit.  
Stamps for details or £2.50 for comprehensive handbook "Naturism in Britain", to:

**HELEN JONES, NATURIST HEADQUARTERS  
ORPINGTON BR5 4ET**



# WITH LOVE FROM ME TO YOU



**I**T seems likely that souvenir sales began during the 18th century when the wealthy took themselves off to spa resorts to take the healing waters and for a period of rest and recuperation.

Two centuries ago, travel was a much more hazardous undertaking than is the case today and medical treatment was unsophisticated to the point of barbarity. It was therefore important to bring something back to mark not only the intrepid achievement of the owner but to celebrate his or her survival.

A souvenir might not mean much in the 1980s but in the 1780s it meant that the owner had endured several days of being flung about inside a stage coach through bandit infested open country. The journey would be punctuated by nightly stops at verminous wayside inns and would end at the baths where unqualified attendants no doubt took some satisfaction in drenching their well heeled clients in supposedly curative ice cold water.

The souvenirs on the drawing room sideboard were exciting conversation pieces, reflecting greatly on the heroic qualities of the owner. When the relatively poor were able to afford seaside holidays in the 19th century, they too wanted to bring back souvenirs as status symbols. Massive prestige attached to the family whose mantelpiece was crammed with cheap transfer-printed pottery bought in far-off coastal towns.

Whilst 18th century souvenirs bore tribute to the owner's courage and 19th century mementos made positive hints about their proprietor's social standing, their 20th century equivalent seem to have more to do with sexual assertiveness. At least in the latter part of this century, many holiday souvenirs are explicitly sexual and probably serve two purposes. One is to parade the supposed sexual liberation of the owner. The second is not yet clear to me but could be intended by the giver to either shock or seduce the recipient.

This probably varies with the country in which the souvenir is sold and the nationality of the purchaser. In most European countries, frankly pornographic holiday souvenirs are readily available. It is impossible to see these being retained by the purchaser or handed over to someone else without the sexual potential of the souvenir being exploited. Thus the famous spoof Film Annual, which is given over to pictures of celebrity screen actors and actresses in sexually indiscreet poses,



Most people on holiday have to drag themselves away from the beach for a few hours or more to go to the shops. Souvenirs are needed, to give to family and friends, to 'prove' you've been there, and to remind yourself after the tan fades! But is this idea rather out-of-date in this jet-connected world? Or do we just have a penchant for junk? By Michael Walsh.



Just to make sure they're for real!









'Will it look as lovely when I get it home?'

could be handed over to a friend, and constitute an invitation to take part in some of the depicted excesses.

If Film Annual was bought by one Amsterdam swinger and was given to another of like mind, nothing much could be read into the gift. If the book was bought by a resident of a country such as Great Britain with fierce anti-pornography laws, it would almost certainly be as a sexual aid, whether retained by the owner or given to a potential partner. Either way, some kind of sexual statement is hung onto what was ostensibly marketed as a holiday souvenir. Take the label reading, 'A Souvenir of Amsterdam' off the cover and the memento's very thin disguise as a keepsake is immediately evident.

Students of souvenirs use this as a measure of a souvenir's genuineness. The object needs to be permanently marked with the location of its purchase to constitute a souvenir, failing which it must be so distinctive as to be able to communicate its origins without the need for labelling. Toledo steelwork, Nigerian carvings, Indian brassware and Belgian lace need no labelling to indicate where they came from.

According to the proprietor of a souvenir stall in Lourdes, France, there are certain characteristics a modern souvenir must have if it is to sell well. Lourdes is rather famous for its plastic religious artefacts but fabrication from plastic is a poor selling line. Fast moving









souvenirs are made from natural materials such as wood, woven fibres, jewels, marble, wrought iron, stone or shells. Price is critical. A 'cheap' souvenir which the buyer will distribute amongst friends thoughtlessly must cost no more than FF5.00 – 0.55p. One which he will present with pride to a close friend or relative must go over at between FF5.00 and FF35.00 – 55p to £3.70. A souvenir the traveller intends to keep for himself or herself will cost about FF100.00 or more – £10.50. It is quite hard to find a souvenir in any resort costing the equivalent of FF35 to FF100.

I am also told that the souvenirs a resort might be famous for are the ones you should buy somewhere else! On reflection and a little investigation, this advice proves to be hard to argue with. Holidaymakers like to bring back a memento appropriate to the place they have visited. For example, in Waterford you buy glass, in Sevres you buy pottery, in Majorca you buy pearls. Well, maybe. The vendors know that tourists might be desperate to pick up mementoes appropriate to the destination and hike the prices up accordingly. Try the next town or the next country and you might be able to buy exported goods much more cheaply.

One concrete example I can quote concerns the 'Irish Linen' tea towels on sale in Dublin shops at IRE£2.00. In Bangor, North Wales, the same product could be had for £0.65 Sterling, 65% cheaper. Another example I have heard about second hand concerns a hand blown glass ornament, a vase, from a factory in Venice. At the factory shop, L9,000. From a pottery shop in Turin, L3,900 for the same object!

My own recent thinking on souvenirs is that they should preferably go up in value as the years pass if they are to mean anything either to me or to the people I present them to as gifts. The expanding commercial souvenir market seems to be geared to consumable gifts which quickly wear out or lose their interest. How many broken pen knives, chipped mugs, bent letter openers or battered drinks coasters do you own?! With a bit of thought, something just as meaningful, yet more durable could have been purchased. Examples are stamps, coin sets, local jewellery or carefully chosen literature – well cared for guide books go up in value over the years.

Some souvenirs feature penes as ring minders, ball-point stems or lipstick cases. Bottoms are commonly exploited in artwork being so ubiquitous that I think they must now be deemed entirely socially acceptable. I have also seen seat cushions, purses and drinking glasses modelled so as to resemble a bare bottom. But the most over-used anatomical feature of all is the female breast. Boobs swing from hinges on beer mugs, activate doorbells when the nipple is poked, leap forth from Jacks-In-The-Box or on squeezing rubber key rings, float through the air as tit-shaped balloons and are sometimes served up made from jelly or blancmange by seaside



'A pitcher to remember'

landladies with a sense of humour. With the exception of one ashtray I have seen, the vagina has yet to be exploited as the modelling basis of a holiday souvenir. Nor have I seen trinkets resembling a scrotum yet.

'It's all a matter of time and taste,' my Lourdes informant says. 'Because of its religious associations, we could not sell anything risqué here. Though I have seen a Holy Flick Knife. Just an ordinary flick knife with "Lourdes" painted on the handle. I thought that was in poor taste myself – but they do sell a bit. I hear that in Paris you can get a triangular handbag like a womb. The fallopian tubes and ovaries hanging off it serve as a shoulder strap with hankies in one ova and the other is a zip purse.'

Oddly enough, the very earliest souvenirs I can trace were religious and made from the 'plastic' of the day – lead.

Pilgrims used to pin religious brooches made from lead onto their clothing. Those who noted the badge were expected to help the pilgrim on his way. Examples are known from throughout the Middle Ages and after the trip was over, were retained as keepsakes. A family in Preston have one such badge, passed down from the 13th century – it is worth £300 Sterling.

My own observations in France and Spain suggest that naturists tend to buy pretty much the same old twaddle as the textiles as souvenirs. I particularly remember watching one portly German gent, who I never saw clothed, buy six shell necklaces from a beach vendor at Pts990.00 each. I happen to know they were plastic. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that when on holiday, people positively enjoy wasting money by buying junk!



# NATURISM: LIFESTYLE OR HOBBY?





**Why is naturism such a taboo? Whilst sex is going on all around us, simple nudity has such an embarrassing effect on people. What's going on? By Laura Samuel.**



Sex and porn are everywhere – yet simple nudity still creates a stir!





**N**ATURISM can be a lifestyle or a hobby. Whatever it is to those who don't participate in it it's seen as crude and unnatural. But when it comes down to it what most people are frightened of is showing their private parts. A lot of women will go topless in the garden, even on the beach, but their nudity will be kept solely for the bedroom or the bathroom.

Nudity is a taboo, like sex was thirty years ago. We have covered our bodies up for so many centuries that it's not surprising that it will be a long wait before we can take them off again.

What a contradiction most people live out! Sex, porn and sensual images are all around us. Sex is a major topic of conversation; porn videos can be bought over the counter and blue films seen on TV. Sensual images of female bodies, and now even men, are used to advertise this or promote that. The nude body can be seen everyday if one looks, but, for the average person, revealing their bodies in public or anywhere else is not on.



How could anyone think this dirty or sordid?



'Some people have a constant need to hide themselves but not me.'

People think it's dirty or sordid, but the genitalia are as natural as an arm or leg. It's due to a constant need to hide ourselves because of inferiority complexes that is part of the problem. Another reason is the fact that the private parts are our toilet parts.

Naturism is constantly put down for sexual reasons. Nudity and sex are synonymous in some people's minds. You can't have one without the other, so they think. They imagine all sorts of incredible sexual events taking place at naturist camps. At the same time men say, 'I prefer to see a few clothes on a woman. It's better when you can imagine what's underneath!' So in a lot of cases a stark naked woman wouldn't turn a man on as much as a woman in her underwear, so where does this stereotype of naturists as sexual perverts come from?

How often do you see naturist camps being used in comedy sketches on TV? They are seen as naughty places to go to, where big breasted blondes bounce around the tennis courts and full blooded men chase







women through the bushes. Whatever the image of naturist camps, you can bet your life that sex comes into it somewhere.

'I'm sick to death of naturists being seen as perverts!' says Sue from London. 'I'm not, and why is it so unnatural to be naturally nude?' Sue, a school-teacher has been brought up in a naturist family. For years, she

didn't know that what came naturally to her, i.e. taking her clothes off, had a name – naturism.

'My parents were so open, so unashamed of nudity,' continues Sue, 'I've never considered it anything much to talk about. We'd be naked at home; we'd run naked in the garden. Whenever we went on holiday as

a family it was very unusual for us to keep our costumes on, on the beach.

'I remember one occasion on a beach in Southern France. It was a super beach with soft warm sand and deep blue sea. It was very busy too. However, it was a swimsuit beach. All the females were covering the right places as were the men. But in

one small corner, almost in a bay, on its own, several people were basking naked in the glorious sun. We of course joined them. It just seems so silly to me when you want a tan not to get one all over, instead of ending up with white patches in various places!

'Later that day one of the women was brave enough to







'How about returning to Survival of the Fittest?'

step onto the clothed side of the beach. We all urged her on as she walked happily past astonished and horrified faces. We all cheered her and a few women even took off their bikini tops obviously finding the confidence of this lady's nudity to do so. But when this naked young woman reached the end of the beach a lady from a cafe came over to her telling her to put her costume back on immediately before anyone gets upset. "If you want to be perverse, go to a naturist camp!" she had said.'

The narrowmindedness of some people!

Sue, like many naturists, enjoys the freedom and openness of nudism. 'One can

get right down to basics. Stark reality stares you in the face – the fact that we are human beings, we came from apes and we are just like animals is something I often think about when naked in nature.'

Now there's a thought provoking idea! Shed your sexual inhibitions; remove all shackles by removing clothing; become what we once were – naked animals – the survival of the fittest. However, one shouldn't go back into the past to those chaotic days of the caveman, one should be looking to the future, hopefully a future that will destroy the stereotype image that gives naturism such a bad name, and simply 'live and let live'.





# KICKING OFF TO A GOOD START

## — OR HOW TO BE BORN NATURALLY



**I**n less-developed countries, we are told, where maternity leave is something of a luxury, and all hands may be required to work the land, expectant mothers may find themselves leaving their toil only at the very last minute and having their babies at the side of the field. To Western eyes their position may seem far from attractive, but there is, nevertheless, something quite enviable about their freedom from unwanted harassment and routine, excessive, and often unnecessary, scientific interference. There is something natural and beautiful, which is undoubtedly missing from our own births. But attitudes are beginning to change . . .

. . . It was that first big date in the calendar of pregnancy when I took the afternoon off to be with my wife. After eighteen weeks of very little happening at all, we were, at last, going to see something of the baby, albeit through the medium of an ultrasonic scan.

We walked, proudly, down the long corridor, our appointment card in hand, as if we were the only couple in the world who'd ever had a baby. Fathers, they said, were encouraged to be in on everything, and we had determined that that was just the way it would be, at least insofar as it was humanly possible!

It was here that we received our first rude awakening. The nurse in attendance asked me to leave the immediate waiting area, outside the scanner-room — it was for expectant mothers only. Would I be so kind as to go and wait in the reception area at the other end of the corridor? It seems that some ladies might be afraid, that I might see something amiss under the loose-fitting hospital gowns, into which they were required to change before the check-up. I was angry. Vanessa was angry. You would have been. Because it was for that reason, and for that reason alone, that we had to spend the next half-hour — they were behind-hand, as usual — sitting at opposite ends of a very long corridor, waiting for Vanessa's name to be called. It was some time even after that, that the nurse came down to fetch me, to see whatever it was I could see, of the picture on the scanner screen.

At this stage there is, supposedly, the faintest possibility of guessing the sex of the baby. But it depends on identifying a penis from amongst a mass of speckled black and white that only the experienced eye can even resolve into head,



**For all the recent publicity, safe, natural childbirth seems beyond the reach of all but the most well-off. But ideas are changing, and mothers are being allowed to have more of their own way. Noel, Vanessa and Francesca found out just how far they could go.**



body, and limbs. More, it depends on whether or not the baby has chosen to lie in a peculiarly fortunate position. And, of course, if you did not see any suggestion of a penis, it would not necessarily mean that the baby was a girl. In fact, it really is only the very faintest possibility.

My chances of seeing anything at all, however, were severely reduced by my being shown in late, and hustled out early – we agreed afterwards that it hadn't really been worth my taking time off from work at all. One thing I did enjoy, however, was the cute way in which the assistant nurse kept adjusting Vanessa's gown, so as to keep her pubis covered. Vanessa would then deliberately knock the irritating garment off again. And the nurse would studiously replace it. It was as if she had nothing better to do. I nearly interrupted the little game with 'She IS my WIFE, you know!'

After all that our bubble felt well and truly burst. Like most every other couple, naturist or not, we had been impressed by the television documentary on Leboyer, the French doctor, whose controversial methods include having the birth take place in a bath, full of warm water, both so that the mother may relax, and so that the child, which was already living in a fluid environment, anyway, need feel less shock on entering the world. But again, like most every other couple, we knew that we were going to have to settle for the National Health Service. And childbirth on the National Health had a pretty poor reputation, and one which was sinking fast in our eyes.

But things were destined to get better. You could have said it was the only way they could go.

Aside from one or two more routine check-ups, no-one seemed to want much to do with us for the next three months. It was then that the Childbirth and Parentcraft classes began. Apart from some helpful tips on baby-bathing, nappy-changing, breast-feeding, milk-warming, and so forth, we were also given the opportunity to look around the maternity unit. Indeed we were deliberately sold the idea of coming into hospital to have the baby.

The recent publicity given to, and campaigning on behalf of, natural childbirth has not been wasted on the medical profession. The possibility of having a baby at home is one that is



quietly brushed under the carpet. The expectation to have to go into hospital is so strong that many women never even realise that the option still exists. But despite the overwhelming pressures to do otherwise, no-one can yet keep a woman from having her baby at home. For ourselves, we even toyed with the idea of calling in help only at the last minute, and pretending that the baby had come so quickly that there was no time to get out of the house. In the event it was, perhaps, a good job that we didn't; little more than 24 hours after Francesca was born, and in the middle of the night, we found ourselves being transferred – by ambulance and converted pleasure launch – to the intensive care baby unit of Southampton General Hospital!

In fact, it is for reasons just like that, that the medical profession feels it to be its duty to persuade mothers – especially first time ones – that the hospital is the best and only place to be. And faced as it is, with a rising tide of home-births, it has come to the conclusion – not before time – that the only way to do that is to ensure that hospitals are the most attractive places to be.

To that end we learned, to our growing surprise, that every care was being taken to make things as comfortable as possible, and to have every facility on hand in case it was needed, but to keep it in the background so long as it was not. Accepting that the customary position for giving birth is not, necessarily, the best one for every mother, the staff were prepared for any mother who might wish to, to adopt a reasonable alternative. Lying back on the couch kept things simple for those in attendance, but bean-bags could be provided, for added support, or for the extra comfort of anyone wishing to squat on the floor, a position recognised to be the best from the point of view of muscle application. As regular attendance at such births played havoc with a mid-wife's knees, it was asked only that fair and due warning be given before the event!

Women who had developed a particular trust in their own mid-wife, could opt to take part in a 'domino' arrangement, where that mid-wife would be called in at the start of labour, would advise on the best time to go to the hospital, and would preside over the birth once there.

Anaesthetics were available for those who needed them, but were not given as part of any accepted routine. On hand were Entonox (nitrous oxide gas), Pethidine and, in extreme cases, epidurals. The first was available by every couch, and could be breathed whenever required. It would not make the pain go away but it would make it easier to live with! The second lasts for four hours, and can only be administered if the baby (on whom it has the same effect!) is not expected within that time. The last suppresses the nervous system at the base of the spine. The mother remains awake but can feel nothing of the birth. There is a school of thought which says that some mothers feel that they have missed out on something very vital, if they adopt this method. But whether or not, any or none of these anaesthetics were used, was our choice. Or, more correctly, it was Vanessa's.

Lastly, but hardly leastly, for any who might have been under the wrong impression, shaving was not carried out as a matter of course. Nor were enemas.

We made our plans and we were ready. I was under express instructions from Vanessa, NOT to allow anyone to administer an epidural, or to use forceps, or to shave her. Beyond that, I was



expected to use my best judgement, so long as I was the only one capable of doing so!

To be fair, though, when the time came, it wasn't quite like that. When you turn up at the hospital, at 5 a.m., after being up half the night, debating whether or not to go in, because you're

not sure whether or not the baby's coming, or whether or not you only have chronic indigestion caused by the castor-oil taken the night before, and intended to encourage a baby already six days overdue. When you've spent most of THAT time sitting on the loo. And when you know that you're contrac-

tions are coming every five minutes, but still no-one believes that the baby is that ready, because you look like you're coping too well, and anyway all the nightstaff who count are tied up with a very delicate caesarian, it is hard to remain calm, cool and collected, and remember that you'd intended to leave your gown off and have your baby in the very best naturist tradition.

And as for quickly running through all the possible birth positions, to find out which was likely to be the best, sitting still is, somehow, far more of an attractive proposition.

It was 7 a.m. – time for the day-shift to come on – before anyone paid us any real attention. Vanessa had had a belt strapped around her middle, which allowed her to watch her contractions on the chart recorder next to her couch. An unnecessary encumbrance you might think, but she was using it very cleverly to warn herself when her contractions were due. By concentrating hard, and breathing carefully – in a way that she had learnt as a child, in ballet and flute lessons – she was able to ease the pains that she knew were coming. It was for this reason that no-one had rushed to offer her any anaesthetics. The situation changed, dramatically, when someone noticed that her cervix was nearly fully dilated and that the baby would be joining us for lunch!

They offered her Pethidine, and she accepted, and promptly went off into a world of her own for the next four hours. Everyone took a break. Including the baby! The contractions almost stopped. By 11 a.m. she had had a well-needed rest, but had been spared very little. Worse, she could no longer concentrate sufficiently enough to control her contractions. If she had to go through it all over again, that would be one decision she would have changed.

Francesca (which means 'freedom' – ask the French!) Natalie (after me) Tess (because we like it) weighed in three hours later at around 3 kg.

The wholly abnormal events that followed – our dramatic transfer to a mainland hospital, and subsequent two-week stay in the hospital grounds, over Christmas, whilst Francesca grew stronger in intensive care – provided the hospital staff with plenty of other points for discussion in the parentcraft classes. Now Vanessa is something of a local celebrity, at least among new mothers. Surprising people stop her in the street and ask how Francesca is. We're delighted to say that she is perfectly fine, thank you!

Of course, we discovered these new ideas in a very out-of-the-way hospital. You may think that you couldn't get more out-of-the-way than the Isle of Wight! The same attitudes may not prevail in the cities, for example, where the personal touch tends to find itself swamped under a flood of bureaucracy. But if they can be found ANYwhere, then they ought to be insisted on EVERYwhere. So make sure that you exercise your natural right to have YOUR baby just the way YOU want to.









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